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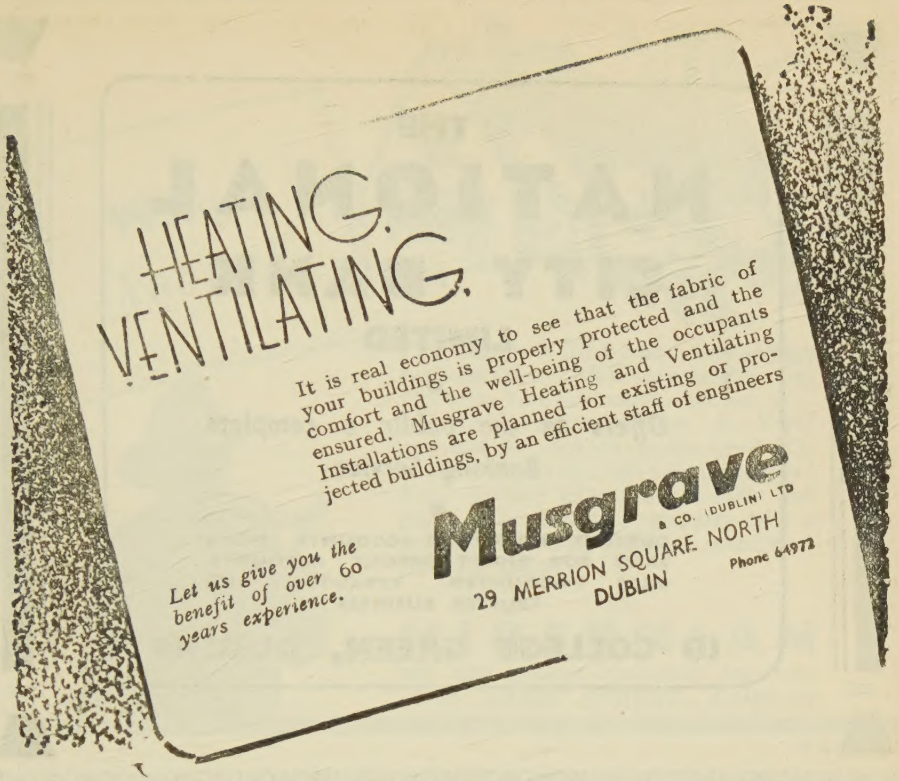
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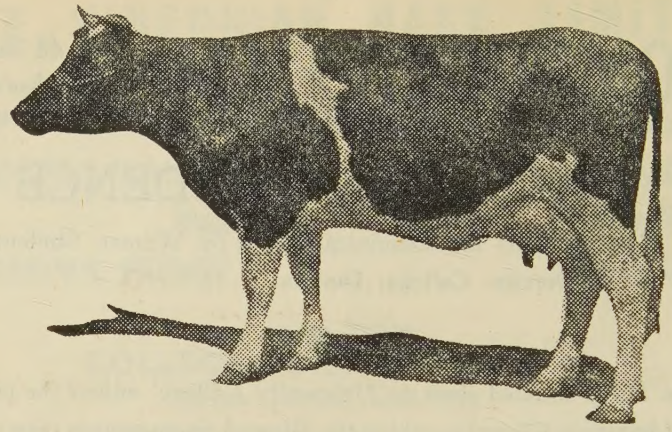

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CHOU EN-LAI: COMMUNIST PREMIER

BY REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR

Maynooth Mission to China

Far Eastern Correspondent, N.C.W.C. News Service, Washington, D.C.

IN the splashy darkness of a wet November night in 1946 I climbed into a rickshaw in Nanking, gave the coolie an address, and rode to my first meeting with a Chinese Communist leader. This leader was General Chou En-lai, whose name had been making the headlines across the world during the previous eleven months. One of the five men who rule the Communist Party in China, he was the Red member of the Committee of Three formed by General George Marshall in his effort to avoid civil war. On that November night the peace effort was facing final failure. (Chou En-lai is now Premier of the Communist-led government in Pekin).

I

As I rode over the drenched pavements of Kuo Fu Road, I passed the brilliantly lighted *Kuo Min Ta Huei T'ang*, the National Assembly Hall. Within the brightness of powerful floodlights, white-gloved, white-gaitered Chinese soldiers stood on guard at the entrance newly painted in cream and red. Above the canopy shining gilt Chinese characters said, enigmatically, *T'ien Hsia Wei Kung*—"Everything under Heaven for all." Inside the building, preparations were being completed for the long-postponed national assembly, which the government was convening in a few days for the adoption of a Chinese constitution. Already nearly one thousand delegates had arrived from China's far-spread provinces.

The Communists, however, were refusing to take part, objecting chiefly to the distribution of seats and to the draft constitution. They accused the government of violating the truce, an accusation that the government was making against them. The Reds threatened to regard the convening of the assembly as grounds for breaking off all negotiations. "We demand that the government call off this one-party assembly", Wang Ping-nan, Communist public relations officer, said in my presence. "If it does not, the responsibility for any consequences will lie with the government."

Nanking, sombre under rain clouds, was agitated by charges and counter-charges, proposals and counter-proposals, peace-feelers, third-party interventions, rumours and denials. But it looked as if the government would convoke the assembly as planned and that the Communists would treat the convocation as reason for a final rupture.

In this crescendo of high argument, with its heavy undertones of destruction and death, General Chou En-lai was the voice of Communism. In the accents of both sides the menacing click of the trigger was audible. The Communist party had its army—it has had it for more than twenty years—and was prepared to use all its fire-power to hold the areas it occupied, to resist the Nanking government and to enforce its own programme. The government, regarding itself as the legitimate national authority, was prepared to treat an armed Communist régime within the territory of China as an open rebellion. Civil war, already a tragic reality but undeclared and localized, was now likely to become general. It was appalling to contemplate what a full-scale civil war might mean for China and for the world.

At noon that day I had seen General Marshall in his residence, the former German Embassy. A group of Chinese left his reception room just before I was shown in. Obviously the serious, grey-haired General, whose manifest integrity and earnestness had won universal respect, was trying hard to keep the last frayed threads of negotiation from snapping. It was typical of him that he found time to see me on such a day.

In my conversation with General Marshall I explained that, as correspondent for the largest religious news service in the world, I was specially interested in the attitude of the Communists towards religion. The English-language newspapers in Shanghai had recently carried reports of Catholic bishops ill-treated or expelled by the Reds. Six months earlier, in Peiping, I had heard well-authenticated accounts that seemed to show not merely local disregard of religious freedom but a policy of practical suppression. I wanted to hear the Communist side on this and other issues—and to hear it from an authoritative spokesman. As General Chou En-lai might be hard to reach during the current tension, I asked if General Marshall would be so good as to suggest to him that he favour me with an interview.

That afternoon a telephone message from General Marshall's office said that Chou En-lai would see me at 7 p.m. at the address to which I was now riding bumpily in a rain-pelted rickshaw. Apparently the rickshaw coolie knew where it was. I certainly did not. We rolled past eating-places, food stores, cigarette stores, tinsmiths' shops, carpenters' shops, printing shops —all with their lights reflected in the wet street. Then we rolled under the ornate stucco arch erected in honour of the national assembly and past the imposing entrance to the government buildings, where President Chiang Kai-shek held sway, into a darker and bumpier stretch. Finally we turned sharply left into a side street and the coolie lowered the shafts of the rickshaw outside a door marked 17.

As I stepped through the narrow doorway of Number 17 into a small yard, a young man came quickly out of a gateman's shelter to meet me. I explained that I had an appointment with General Chou En-lai and

presented my card. I was shown into a room, where a few minutes later one of Chou's secretaries, a young woman, came to fetch me. We ran across the wet street to another house. Here, in a small comfortable reception room, the first courtesy of a Chinese visit was promptly observed as a glassful of hot tea was poured out for me. I sat down and waited for the Communist envoy.

II

Well-groomed and well-dressed in a dark double-breasted Western-style suit, Chou En-lai might have been a prosperous, foreign-educated Chinese businessman. Entering the room, he greeted me with a pleasant smile, which comes readily to his features, though the shrewdness never leaves his quick restless eyes. He speaks English well, but for the interview he brought two secretaries to interpret and take notes. One, Miss Wu, was the girl whom I had first met ; she was dressed plainly but well in foreign style. A former student of Yenching University, conducted by a combination of American and British Protestant missions near Peiping, she spoke English excellently. So did the other secretary, Mr. Chang, an agreeable and intelligent young man who had studied in Germany and spoke German too. He wore a stylish suit of tweed plus-fours.

First, I asked General Chou to tell me something of his personal background. What follows is his own story, supplemented with information obtained from other Communist sources.

General Chou En-lai was born in 1898 in Hwaian, northern Kiangsu. His family, of Mandarin class, moved to Manchuria when he was thirteen. He attended a primary school in Mukden and Nankai middle school, an American Protestant mission institution in Tientsin. After leaving Nankai in 1917, he spent eighteen months studying in Tokyo, in Waseda University. Returning to China, Chou entered Nankai University and, while there, became a leader in the May 1919 student demonstrations against the Japanese Twenty-one Demands. He was jailed for his activities and, on his release in 1920, sailed for France. He spent four years as a student in Europe, visiting England in 1921 and Germany in 1922, but his studies seem to have come second to politics. He was the founder of the Chinese Communist party in France. Another Chinese Communist group existed in Germany at the time.

Returning to China in 1924, Chou came to Canton and joined Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Kuomintang movement, into which the Communists had recently been admitted. He was appointed chief of the political department of the Whampoa Military Academy, was associated with Borodin, the Russian organizer, and during the Northern expedition, led by Chiang Kai-shek, served as political commissar. In 1927, in preparation for the Nationalist advance on Shanghai, Chou organized the strikes and armed

uprising in that city. When the revolutionaries split on the Communist issue, he fled to Hankow, where he joined the leftist group.

" Have you ever been in Russia, General? " I asked.

" Yes, I was there for several months in 1928."

Later I was told by another Communist that Chou made his visit to Moscow in 1928 as delegate of the Chinese Communist Party to the Sixth World Congress of the Comintern, the Communist International. In 1930 he returned to Moscow as delegate from the Chinese Red Army ; and in 1935 the Seventh Congress of the Comintern elected him member of the executive committee.

" Who rules the Chinese Communist Party? " I asked him.

" We have a central committee, of which Mao Tse-tung is the chairman. The committee numbers forty-four, with thirty-three alternates. The actual administration is in the hands of a secretariate of five, composed of Mao Tse-tung, General Chu-teh, Liu Shao-chi, Jen Pi-shi and myself.

" How many members has the Party now? "

" When our Seventh National Congress was held in Yenan in April 1945, we had 1,200,000 members. We must have more now." (Three months later, in Yenan, I was told that the membership then totalled 2,000,000).

" How would you describe the ultimate objective of the Chinese Communist Party? "

" A classless society in the Marxist sense."

" What is your present programme? "

" In the present stage our programme includes independence for China —without intervention from London, Washington, anywhere."

" Does that include Moscow? "

" Yes, Moscow or anywhere else. We want equality for all minority racial groups within China, a coalition government of all parties and classes, agricultural reform and industrialization of the country, freedom of the press, speech, religion and education, equality of sexes. The most urgent objective at this stage is the struggle for peace."

Specifying what he meant by a coalition government, Chou En-lai said that there should be a state council of forty, in which the Communists would have ten seats. The Communist troops would be included in the national Chinese Army, but would remain, for eighteen months, as distinct units with their own Communist officers, to be trained by Americans. This, he said, was the army reorganization plan on which General Marshall's tripartite committee had agreed.

" In broad outline your programme, as you have stated it, could be Catholic," I commented. " Actually, the social programme of the Catholic Church in America is more progressive than yours. In what sense are your present objectives, as stated by you, communistic? "

" The difference is in our ideology," came the reply. " We follow

the ideology of Marx. Our present policy is not our ultimate goal, which is the classless society for China and for the world. We must first go through the initial stages. For these stages our policy is like that of the democratic revolutionary parties of the West. But our ideology is dialectic materialism."

Comparing China with the United States, he said: "China has experienced one hundred years of semi-colonial and semi-feudal society. So the reforms we are now going to undertake are much like those undertaken by Washington and Lincoln. The United States has already great achievements in agricultural reform and industrialization and is now a democratic country. China has to pass through the initial stages of American history; but it has to get rid of what we think are failures of the American economic system. We don't regard the condition of the United States as satisfactory, as its economic system is dominated by a small number of monopolist capitalists."

"If you reach your goal of a Communist classless society, will you permit freedom of speech and association to other parties?" I inquired.

"In the classless society there will be no parties," Chou En-lai answered. "But it may take us ten or twenty years to reach that goal."

"What is the party attitude towards religion?"

"We grant freedom of religion as well as freedom of atheism. There is no anti-religious movement in our regions. Our principle is that clergymen have the right to stay and be protected if they are in conformity with the established laws."

All this was indeed a rosy picture. A Communist envoy who had kept close to Nanking conference rooms might believe that it was a true picture. But I had reports that contrasted harshly with it. I quoted some of them for Chou En-lai. For instance, Father Benedict Ying, after months of captivity, had been shot by Communists in Chahar. Bishop Haering and his priests and Sisters had been driven out of Showchow in Shansi. The mission in Taming, Hopei, had been pillaged and Monsignor Szarvas had been variously reported as beaten to unconsciousness and killed. In Hotze (Tsaochowfu), Shantung, Bishop Hoowartz, his priests and Sisters had been seized and their buildings taken. In Yenki, Manchuria, Bishop Breher and his priests had been reported prisoners, at hard labour, for the previous six months. Communists had made grotesque charges to justify ill-treatment of priests, Chinese and foreign. They had revived the old accusation, current among the fanatical Boxers, that the missionaries cut out the eyes of babies to make medicine. They had tried one priest on a charge of hindering the people's livelihood by teaching them to observe Sunday as a day of rest.

"What," I asked, "is the Communist side to this question? Have the Communists any general charge to make against the Church?"

Apparently General Chou knew of none. "As far as his knowledge

goes," continued the interpreter, " there is no case of a clergyman being persecuted because of his religion. If anyone has been detained it must be because he has violated the laws or, in the case of German priests, because of the war. The General will investigate."

I pointed out that when leaders made declarations of religious liberty as a policy their declarations might be admirable in themselves, but apparently they were not observed by Communist units in the various regions. Would the top men take steps to ensure that religious freedom would be respected by all their subordinates?

Apparently that possibility, too, would be investigated.

I then asked about the Communist *teou cheng* (literally " struggle ") —the trial-by-crowd. From the descriptions that I had heard, it seemed to be the negation of all fair and orderly administration of justice.

" These trials are held only in the cases of top puppets," Chou informed me. " They are merely preliminary hearings to enable the populace to bring evidence. The verdict is given by a formal court, which follows a regular legal procedure."

" Are transcripts of the proceedings in such courts available? "

" Yes, but difficulties in communications may hinder us from obtaining these reports."

When General Chou left the circumscribed world of Nanking and Shanghai for the Communist areas, he must have received much additional light on this subject. Certainly I was to learn a great deal about the *teou cheng* during the ensuing months. What I learned contrasted sharply with what Chou En-lai said. (Three months later when I interviewed Chou En-lai again in Yenan, the Communist citadel, it was still apparently impossible to obtain any written records of these trials. By that time, also, the General's investigation of the cases of persecution was still incomplete).

" In your classless society what would be the place of religion? " I asked.

" In the final stage of the Marxist society," Chou replied, " I expect that science will have solved all questions; and this will automatically dispose of religion. Thereafter religious ideas will be matter for artists, something merely imaginary, subjects for fantasy."

I reminded him that some of the greatest scientists have been and are Christians. Chou still counted on ' science ' to show that these scientists are wrong. I then pressed him to say in what sense the Communists are materialists. We had been talking for nearly an hour, dealing with abstract principles as well as with concrete facts, linking idea to idea, taking hold of the relation between one thought and another. Do Communists hold that all this manifests nothing but matter, nothing spiritual?

" We are materialists," answered Chou En-lai, " in the sense that we do not believe in a soul distinct from the material body. After death there is nothingness."

All this was certainly materialism in the authentic Marxist tradition.

" We believe in the law of nature ", he added, " but not in the law-Maker ".

Chou said that he did not wish to enter into a philosophical discussion.

III

Knowing my way now, I walked home through the rainy, muddy night. Far voices had been speaking in the words of the affable, adroit Communist leader. From the Germany of one hundred years ago I had heard echoes of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in that Nanking room. Fainter in the background was the voice of Hegel. From the Moscow of a few decades ago came the voices of Lenin and Trotsky—with the voice of Stalin rising above them.

A philosophy framed by two nineteenth-century German theorists ; the antiquated materialism of mid-Victorian pundits ; the political strategy of modern, Russian-centred world Communism—this was the composite remedy that the Chinese Reds had chosen for themselves and their country. For these things Chinese boys, conscripted in the villages, were being led to fight. The political controversies of the current year, the faults discernible in their opponents, the bitter feuds of civil strife, the redistribution of property to local individuals—these were ever in the foreground and sometimes seemed to be the issues. But the ultimate objective of the Chinese Reds was to realize the dream of Marx, a classless and religionless society in China and in all the world. Nowhere had it been attained after one hundred years of Marxist effort. Nowhere had it been proved attainable. But it was for this that the Communist Party in China was working, and for this it had used and would use its army.

I had come recently from Japan, where I had interviewed Communist leaders. Now I was struck by the similarity, even the identity, between their statements and those of General Chou. " We are materialists," said Sanzo Nosaka, the most prominent and vocal of Japanese Reds. " Our goal is to make religion disappear." " We advocate a democratic political system ", he said also. " We want a coalition government." Then illustrating his idea with pencil marks on a sheet of paper (which I still have), he made it clear that the democratic system he sought would be only an intermediary point on the way to the ultimate Marxist goal. Nosaka had spent nine months in Moscow and two or three years in Yenan, where he was known as Okano and where his principal occupation seems to have been the indoctrination of captured Japanese soldiers with Communism.

In Tokyo, one month earlier, I had interviewed a leftist labour leader who was admittedly under Communist influence[1]. He made precisely the same comparison between American history and the processes needed

[1] Katsumi Kikunami, journalist, head of the National Council of Industrial Unions. He has since announced his membership of the Japanese Communist Party.

in China as Chou En-lai made. To him the War of Independence was a social revolution and Washington a social reformer. It was revealing to find such uniformity in the party line in China and Japan.

A few days after my interview with Chou I brought the transcript of my questions and his answers to be checked by him. It was returned to me with only minor corrections. One or two were interesting. I had quoted him as saying that the ultimate goal of Communism is " a classless state ". He corrected this to " classless society," showing his adherence to the strict Marxist theory. According to Marx and Lenin, under full Communism the State would wither away. I had quoted him, correctly, as saying that the present policy of the Communists is like that of the " democratic parties in the Western world". In the transcript he inserted the word " revolutionary " before " democratic".

When I brought the transcript to be checked, I brought with it a list of additional questions to clarify some of the statements in the interview. These questions included the following :—

In its history and line of policy, does not the Communist Party represent intervention by Moscow ?

Does the Communist Party approve of the Russian removal of important industrial equipment from Manchuria ?

Is it a fact that agricultural reform by the Communists means arbitrary confiscation of all land above a certain minimum ? Is it not possible that many of the owners acquired this land by their own industry ?

The U. S. Constitution and laws are entirely against arbitrary confiscation or infringements on personal liberties. What " achievements in agricultural reform " in the U. S. are being imitated by the Communist Party in China ?

Suppose that in a Communist State the adherents of religion think that ample scientific basis for religious belief still exists and they refuse to regard religion as merely a theme for artists, what will be the Communist attitude towards them ?

Though I pressed hard for replies to these questions, I was told after some days that General Chou did not have time to answer them.

IV

On the eve of the date set for the national assembly, the government announced that the meeting would be postponed for another three days. This was apparently an attempt to prolong the ebbing eleventh-hour for negotiations. Crowding into a jeep, a group of correspondents drove down to the Communists' office to hear their answer. Wang Ping-nan told us that a three-day postponement " could not solve any problem".

When the long-delayed assembly was convened on the sunny morning of 15 November 1946, some 1,400 delegates were present. From a side-balcony I looked down over the hall. At first sight it was crowded. But

some seats were vacant. These were the seats still reserved for the Communists. An elderly delegate gave an opening speech. Then, spare and erect, wearing uniform and white gloves, President Chiang Kai-shek stepped forward. He read his address in a high, youthful voice that seemed to belie his greying moustache and his sixtieth birthday recently celebrated. The delegates, who had greeted him with clapping, listened attentively. Foreign diplomats and correspondents in the balconies leaned forward to watch. General Marshall was noticeably absent.

No matter what the preliminary processes had been or what the outcome might be, the holding of this assembly was a milestone. This was the largest national convention in Chinese history. Though its members had not been chosen by any recent popular suffrage, they represented many regions, many groups and many interests. And they were likely to speak their minds. In fact they did, as the heated disputes during the subsequent sessions demonstrated.

Thirty-six years had passed since the outbreak in Wuchang that overthrew the tottering Manchu throne and set up the unsteady beginnings of the Republic of China. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Republic, had organized the Kuomintang party to weld China and its people into a united, independent State. The process had been long, and nobody could say that it had been completed. China indeed had emerged victorious and independent from an exhausting war—but weakened by a disastrous internal rift.

All Chinese now agreed that it was high time to end the one-party "tutelage". A democratic constitutional government should be established. The present assembly had gathered to decide on the constitution. But one section—a strongly armed section—was so dissatisfied with the draft constitution and with the assembly that it regarded them both as a challenge to war.

The inaugural session did not last long. At its close the seats reserved for the Communists were still empty. And they were to remain empty until the assembly finished its work on Christmas day and the constitution was approved.

Next day I flew to Peiping (since then renamed Pekin). I was only a few days there when I read that Chou En-lai had left Nanking for Yenan, the Red capital in remote Shensi province. Henceforth the Communists' conditions for taking part in negotiations would be to disband the national assembly, annul the draft constitution and return to the military positions of January 1946.

Full-scale civil war was very near.

PATRICK O'CONNOR

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND THE IRISH QUESTION

BY G. A. HAYES-McCOY,
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"WE DRAW the line variously," says Quiller Couch, "but everyone draws it somewhere." It could not have been difficult for those who knew him to say where, in respect of contemporary Irish affairs, Robert Louis Stevenson would draw it. In this, the centenary year of his birth, it may be interesting to recall where that was.

I

Stevenson did not think it "disgraceful to the nature of man" that the Irish did not love the English; it was rather, said he, honourable, "since it depends on wrongs ancient like the race and not personal to him who cherishes the indignation".[1] Later, when he had begun to read Highland history, he found that it awakened in him "a livelier sympathy for the Irish". He felt constrained to preach a little about us to his father, saying: "Although the Irish never had the remarkable virtues, I fear they have suffered many of the injustices, of the Scottish Highlanders."[2] The admission may seem grudging, but as one Scotsman's effort it is a pleasant change from the traditional "harsh Scotch voice" of famine days that proclaimed, from behind the doors of the Government relief depots, that in the name of political economy the starving Irish must die.[3] In 1887, when Stevenson believed himself on the point of intervening in Irish affairs, he was prepared to admit that "the cause of England in Ireland is not worth supporting".[4] A little later, when he wrote his unpublished *Confessions of a Unionist*, he said that the state of Ireland was "a perpetual and crying blot upon the fame of England" and that England, ever since she had conquered Ireland, had "majestically proved her incapacity to rule it".

Yet Stevenson had at all stages of his career an almost fanatical aversion to the unfair, the underhand, the cowardly. Every one of these epithets was, to his mind, applicable to the dynamitings in London in the early eighties and to the activities of the Moonlighters in Kerry in 1885–87. He answered the work of the dynamiters with an explosion of his own: "I am in a mad fury about these explosions. If that is the new world! Damn O'Donovan Rossa; damn him behind and before, above, below,

[1] "Across the Plains: Despised Races" (1879).
[2] Letters (1900 edn.), I, p. 193—written in Davos, 1880.
[3] T. P. O'Connor: "The Parnell Movement," pp. 51f.
[4] Letters, II, p. 29.

and round-about; damn, deracinate, and destroy him, root and branch, self and company, world without end. Amen." This was in a letter to his friend Sidney Colvin, and he added: "I write that for sport if you like, but I will pray in earnest: O Lord, if you cannot convert, kindly delete him!"[1] Stevenson gave full rein to the dramatic in his private letters, but it would be hard to find a parallel for that invective, in sport or otherwise, in all his writings.

Like many Britishers, he lumped all of the Irish Left wing together, Fenians, Invincibles and Moonlighters; and they had, every one of them—from O'Donovan Rossa to the nameless gunmen of Kerry and Galway—got under his skin. Parnell, in the same way, when he sat "silent under the appeal of Mr. Forster," came beneath the lash; although it is ironical that, as far as his sally in this direction is concerned, few people who read and enjoy "The Dynamiter" can have any idea what the Dedication, where Parnell and Buckshot Forster are mentioned, is about.

It could not, despite what Highland history had taught him, have been difficult to forecast the reaction of the Stevenson of the Bournemouth days—or any other time—to the Curtin boycott case that provided such highly coloured copy for the British newspapers in 1887.

His reaction was violent and sincere. Stevenson, after much heart-searching, proposed coming himself to Kerry, where he might defend the Curtin family and vindicate, in the face of what he believed to be a maddened countryside and an indifferent world, the sanctity of the rule of law.

II

The Curtin case had its beginnings in one of those senseless crimes that deepened the unhappiness of an unhappy period of our history and that earned for us a worse name in Britain than a general rising in Famine days would have done.

On the night of November 13, 1885—Stevenson's birthday, incidentally—Castlefarm, the house of John O'Connell Curtin near Castleisland, Co. Kerry, was raided for arms by a band of Moonlighters. Curtin was not a landlord or of the landlord class. He was a prosperous tenant of the Earl of Kenmare and a member of the National League; and he was spoken of as a patriot. The raiders, who were masked and armed, came by the back door. Some of them held George, one of Curtin's sons, in the kitchen, while others rushed through towards the parlour. Seeing Curtin on the stairs, armed with a shotgun and a revolver and apparently about to fire on them, the Moonlighters commenced the shooting with a volley from the hall. All of their fire went wide. Curtin replied with a shot which killed one of the band, Timothy Sullivan; and in the confusion that followed George rushed in and, with the aid of his brother Daniel

[1] *Ibid.*, I, pp. 214f—written in Pitlochry, 1881.

and his sister Norah, unmasked and recognised the Moonlighters' captain and chased the remaining members of the band out of the house.

Then occurred the second tragedy. John Curtin had gone to the back door, where he called " Now, boys, be off !" when one of the retreating men turned, fired, and shot him in the abdomen. Curtin was able to walk upstairs to his room through the blood spattered and wrecked hallway, but he died that evening from an internal haemorrhage.

It reads a little like the account given in Stevenson's novel " The Wrecker " of the fight on the brig *Flying Scud*, although there was more, perhaps, of the quality of Alan Breck in the roundhouse in the courage displayed by the Curtins. To the newspapers it was the " Terrible Tragedy in Kerry," and accounts of it and of the trial that followed held a prominent place in their columns for some weeks.[1]

In Christmas week, in the midst of the Irish rejoicing at the success of Parnell's party in the 1885 election, two men, Casey and Daly, were tried in Cork as members of the Moonlighters' band. They were charged not with murder, but with Whiteboyism. They were found guilty and each was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. A great deal turned on the evidence of the Curtins, who identified Casey as the raiders' captain. Daly's conviction was due largely to the fact that—in a literal sense—he had no lining to his trousers pockets. A mask made of cloth said to have been a pocket lining was found near the Curtin house.

A crime had been committed, the law had stepped in and punishment had been meted out. But more, much more, remained behind. The newspapers, Irish and English, had united in condemning the murder of Curtin, but they soon parted company in the conclusions that they drew from the tragedy. " The Nation " said that it had " no political or agrarian bearing " and that it was the work " of a few misguided men " who were raiding for arms. " The Times," while admitting that the deed had been done " for the sake of a few fowling-pieces," held that it gave added proof of the fact that " Local self-government to Ireland means government by men of whom a score can at any time be got to break into a neighbour's house with intent to rob and, in case he resists, fully prepared to murder him and his family". The Irish newspaper saw in it a tragedy that was the direct result of the disturbed state of the country, and blamed the administration for it on the ground of misgovernment. The English one was satisfied that here was another demonstration of the inherent vice of the Irish, and called for fresh repressive measures to stamp it under. Michael Davitt, speaking at Castleisland in February 1886, described the raid on the Curtin household as a " senseless and criminal " proceeding of contemptible burglars and cut-purses masquerading as patriots,[2] one of

[1] " The Times," Nov. 16, 1885. " The Nation," Nov. 21, 1885 and subsequent dates. (Reports from " The Cork Examiner " and " The Freeman's Journal " are quoted).

[2] " The Nation," Feb. 27, 1886.

the outspoken comments that earned mention for him in the report of the Parnell Commission of 1890 as one who had expressed "*bona fide* disapproval of crime and outrage".

Kerry at this time and for a few years following was the most disturbed county in Ireland. Lord Kenmare, with that appalling lack of humanity that disgraced so many of the Irish landlords, had chosen the depth of winter for a campaign of eviction. And after his work came the Glenbeigh clearance and many others. With eviction, the seizure of cattle for rent and other forms of coercion went Moonlighting and terror; and the Curtin tragedy was only one of many.

It was a curious working of fate that thrust Curtin, the Land Leaguer, into the position of Tory martyr. Lady Kenmare called at Christmas 1885 for subscriptions for his family—"The Nation" pointing out that she had "another hand that ought to be stretched forth on behalf of her husband's victims". A question was asked in the Commons whether the parish priest of Fieries had not advised Kenmare's tenants in the previous November to "cast out" those who, contrary to the "No Rent" campaign, paid their rent behind their neighbours' backs, and "whether Mr. Curtin, who had paid his rent, was not shot on the following Friday?" When the Chief Secretary replied that he could not say if the payment of rent had anything to do with "Mr. Curtin's unhappy death," there was an outcry because he had not called it a murder.

Meanwhile, local feeling hardened against the Curtins. A protection hut was erected on their farm and they were given a police guard, and on the first Sunday after Christmas when they attended Mass in Fieries church trouble broke out. There was a baton charge of fifty policemen, and the Curtin family pew was broken and scattered in pieces in the church grounds. Thereafter, the folds of the boycott descended about them, and until April 1887, when Stevenson's indignation at their plight threatened to get the better of him, the Curtin affair remained a trump card with the coercionists and the unfortunate Curtins lived a miserable life.

This was the period that saw the passing of the Liberals from power and the beginning of a fresh attempt at Tory "firmness" in Ireland. Gladstone's first Home Rule bill was lost in June, and in July Gladstone was defeated in the general election and the Conservatives under Lord Salisbury came into office. The "Plan of Campaign" was launched in December and the year ended in the gloomy atmosphere of approaching strife.

During the debates on the Criminal Law Amendment bill "The Times" brought home to its readers the plight of the Curtins. The Castleisland-Killarney area was the scene of continuous strife. Two farmers had been shot there during the preceding year, and there had been encounters between police and Moonlighters near the Curtin farm in

September and again in November. The fact, said the Tories, that the law was powerless to protect the Curtins showed that the law must be tightened up. There had been no animosity to Curtin before his death, and the ill-feeling against his family was due to the facts that Curtin had shot Sullivan and that they themselves had " had the courage to come forward and give evidence against those concerned " in the raid[1].

In February 1887 when Mrs. Curtin, having suffered boycott for over a year, tried to sell her farm, threatening notices signed by " Captain Moonlight " appeared in the district, giving warning that a purchaser would meet the same fate as her husband. There were no bids and the auction was abandoned. " The Times " held that, even if it stood alone, the continued persecution of the Curtins would justify the sterner measures that the Government sought power to use. They had been subjected to systematic annoyance and outrage, pursued with unrelenting cruelty. A dairykeeper who had managed the farm in 1886 had refused to take it on again, as he could get no servants to work for him. A caretaker had then been employed to manage the grazing, but the Moonlighters had dragged him from his bed at night and had made him swear to give up his employment. Mrs. Curtin could neither sell her farm nor work it. The blacksmith and carpenter had refused her their services; her domestic servants were threatened and the shopkeeper who sold her goods was denounced. Escorted everywhere they went by the police, the family was everywhere insulted. Their church pew had again been destroyed and they could hear Mass only in the sacristy.

III

So matters stood in April 1887, when Robert Louis Stevenson gave his first indication of interest in the affairs of the Curtins. He was then living in Skerryvore, Bournemouth, after his return from the Riviera. We can imagine his indignation fanned to a white heat by the periodic reports in " The Times". He had read, no doubt, the famous articles on " Parnellism and Crime " that had appeared in that newspaper in the previous month and the article, " The National League at Work," that sought to prove the Parnellites' encouragement of the boycott, the sanction of which was murder. Steeped in these far from impartial accounts of Irish affairs, Stevenson on the night of April 15th-16th wrote a remarkable letter.

He wrote to Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin, the widow of the Professor of Engineering in Edinburgh University who had done so much for him when he was a wayward youth. He had been unable, he said,[2] to sleep;

[1] " The Times," March 24, 1887. Tim Healy elicited the information in the House that this was the opinion of a local R.M.

[2] Letters, II, pp. 26 ff.

so he had lit the gas in order that he could present her with what he called a *private* problem. It was this :—should he, Stevenson, obey the call of his conscience and go over to Ireland to help the Curtin family? They were, he said, " still miserable prisoners ; no one dare buy their farm of them ; all the manhood of England and the world stands aghast before a threat of murder". A great principle was at stake : " the idea that populations should not be taught to gain public ends by private crime, the idea that for all men to bow before a threat of crime is to loosen and degrade beyond redemption the whole fabric of man's decency".

He considered the arguments in favour of his going to Kerry and those against. As far as he personally was concerned, he could do his writing equally well in Castlefarm as in Skerryvore ; and at any rate his condition of health was such that death might come at any time. His death by violence in Kerry would cause a stir in the United States—" from which the funds come that pay for these brutalities "—as well as in Britain, and by offering himself as a sacrifice he might help remedy a great evil. Finally, nobody else was taking up the duty : " Here is a great wrong, founded on crime that Government cannot prevent and that it has occurred to no man to defy " ; but it *had* occurred to Stevenson, a writer who could *make* people notice him, and so in time—he fondly hoped—could destroy " this whole scaffolding of oppression".

On the other hand, his going might do no good ; Gordon had died and nobody had minded. He might not be murdered, nor perhaps even ill-treated ; rather the climate, in his invalid state, might kill him quietly and no purpose would be served. It would be hard on his wife and on his parents. The Curtin ladies, the mother and her two daughters, were " probably highly uninteresting females". Lastly, the cause of England in Ireland was not worth supporting. But he was not, he made it clear, supporting that. Let them have Home Rule if they liked ; that was beside the point. His quarrel was with something more fundamental than nationality : it was a defence of the good that was in humanity against the bad.

What was to be Mrs. Jenkin's advice? If she thought it his duty, he asked her not to dissuade him. Very naturally, she suggested a compromise. She thought that a task such as this should be undertaken by a society rather than by an individual.

To that Stevenson replied in a second letter.[1] He had, he said, always hoped to found such a society : " that was the outside of my dream, and would mean entire success "—again, a fond hope, for there *was* an anti-boycott society. But he could not send others to a danger that he did not share. A man must try the path he recommends. Then there was the significant line : " if he does not even try, should he not be silent? "

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 30 f.

He had been silent in 1884, when Gordon was abandoned, and at the beginning of 1885, when the news came of his death in Kartoum, and he had always regretted it.[1] Could he be silent now in the face of " the really somewhat sickened gravity " that he felt; and yet, if he was to break silence, how could he, in sincerity, do so save by offering himself for the post of danger? He might in the end try to do it " by the pen only "; but he would not love himself if he did. So far, he had at least decided to go to see Arthur Balfour, the new Irish Secretary, when he got to London.

IV

Such was Stevenson's protest against what he believed was the injustice that the Curtins and all the boycotted and intimidated folk in Ireland had been made to suffer. It can scarcely be supposed that one in a thousand people who read and admire him in Ireland today know that he ever displayed any interest in the Irish Question, much less that he fancied himself for the role of another Gordon in a new Kartoum in Kerry.

Stevenson's biographers make incidental mention of the Kerry project, of course. Sidney Colvin says: " He determined that if no one else would take up the duty of resisting such persecution . . . he would take it up himself. His plan was to go with his family, occupy and live upon the derelict farm, and let happen what would. This . . . was no irresponsible dream or whim, but a purpose conceived in absolute and sober earnest. His wife and household were prepared to follow, though under protest, had he persisted; as it seemed for some weeks that he certainly would." At last the arguments of friends and his father's declining health persuaded him to give up his purpose. But Colvin believed that " he was never well satisfied that in giving way he had not been a coward, preferring fireside ease and comfort to the call of a public duty".[2]

It is, of course, indisputable that Stevenson would have had the courage to come to Ireland. Since he did not, speculation on what he might have

[1] Major-General C. G. Gordon (1833–1885) was sent to Kartoum by the British Government in January 1884 to " report upon the best means of effecting the evacuation of the Sudan," where the Egyptian administration was menaced by the rising power of the Mahdi. Gordon himself had declared that " the policy of evacuation cannot possibly be justified". Soon Gordon was in a state of siege and could not be brought back without a relief expedition. He had himself no desire to come back until he had " smashed up the Mahdi," whom he held to be a tyrant terrorising an unfortunate people. Gordon's situation caused a tremendous outcry in Britain; but Gladstone, believing that Gordon was trying to force the Government's hand and affecting to believe that he was in no danger, successfully resisted the popular demand for a relief expedition until August. It was then too late. Gordon, alone with the Sudanese since his European companions left him in September, gallantly defended Kartoum to the last. On 26 January 1885 the Mahdi's followers broke in and commenced a massacre in which Gordon was killed. The relief expedition reached the vicinity two days later.

[2] Colvin in Preface to *Letters*, II, pp. 3 ff. Colvin misdates the two Mrs. Jenkin letters, placing them in 1886 instead of 1887, a fact that does not so far seem to have been noticed.

done here and on what effect the realities of the Irish position would have had on him may alike be deemed idle. It is interesting, however, to hear J. A. Steuart: "Today the incident is worth recalling, merely as showing how little Stevenson understood either Irishmen or their problems. . . . His presence in Kerry in the character of martyr would have provoked nothing deadlier than derision".[1] Graham Balfour agrees, saying that Stevenson never suspected "how little he understood the Irish, or how utterly futile his action would have proved".[2]

It is G. K. Chesterton, however, who states the case in all its fairness, and one likes to think that a better informed Stevenson would, in the end, have agreed with him. Chesterton says that Stevenson's Highland stories show him to have been intellectually on the side of the Whigs but morally on the side of the Jacobites. He points out that when he saw exactly the same conditions in Ireland as produced the Appin murder in Scotland—"a whole peasantry loyal to their ideal and defying a more civilised but much more cynical pressure"—"he was carried away by some newspaper nonsense about the wickedness of the Land League and, with all his native courage and much less than his native sense, wanted to plant himself on an eviction farm belonging to a family named Curtin, whom he seemed to regard as the sole victims of the social situation. . . . He seemed really to suppose that . . . the Irish peasants could look for justice to imperial governments which abolished all local rights and carried away every Irish patriot to be tried before a packed jury of foreigners and foes."[3]

V

Stevenson was no crank. He was not one of those "pious, well-fed persons" of whom "The Nation" spoke, who "are shocked when they read over their chocolate of a morning some highly spiced account of peasant vengeance in Kerry". He was certainly not pious in the sense of the "unco' guid," and it would have been a joke to regard this chronic invalid of thirty-six as well-fed. Although some of his best writing was still to come, he had already produced "Treasure Island," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (which "The Nation" regarded as immoral!) and "Kidnapped"; and he certainly did not exaggerate when he said that his coming to Ireland would cause a stir. As far as he himself was concerned, it could not but affect his whole future career.

It has been said that his Irish proposal could not have surprised those who knew him. He was, says Colvin, "a born adventurer and practical

[1] J. A. Steuart: "Robert Louis Stevenson: Man and Writer" (1924), II, p. 85, and see pp. 203 f.
[2] G. Balfour: "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson" (1912 edn.), p. 167.
[3] G. K. Chesterton: "Robert Louis Stevenson" (1927), pp. 120 ff. The Curtin farm was not, of course, an "eviction" one.

experimentalist in life." He would have gloried in the thrill of it. He was a supreme and unaffected egoist, and to him there was nothing strange in the thought that he had a personal mission in Kerry. This egoism was indeed helped out by the spirit of the age, for there was then a firm belief in British ability to supply the right man at the moment of need in any situation, as witness General Buller's mission in Kerry in 1886.[1] At the back of Stevenson's mind too—a relic of his own suffering in the unlovely days of his adolescence in Edinburgh—there was a personal horror of anything approaching what had come since 1880 to be called a boycott. He too had been a pariah, and so he had more than sympathy for the Curtins; he had something that transformed a negative feeling into a positive one. Throughout his life Stevenson felt impelled to go to the rescue of the outcast and the wronged and the weak. Henley lying in hospital, Father Damien among the lepers, the poor Samoans being made the sport of European politicians—all provided causes to move him—and to move him to action. A story is told of his having saved a dog from ill-treatment. " He is my dog and I can do what I like with him," said the owner. " No, Sir !" said Stevenson. " He is God's dog, and I am here to protect him ! "

There were at least two further motives, his dislike of Gladstone, inherited from his Conservative father, and his preoccupation with the tragedy of Gordon. He felt that, if he had spoken out in 1884, he might have done something to save Britain from having to stand before the world " dripping with blood and daubed with dishonour " because of Gordon's death. What if a holocaust in Ireland—which he had not even raised his hand to prevent—proved a far blacker tragedy for Britain than the tragedy by the Nile? These two spirits, Gordon's and Stevenson's, were very much akin. Presumably Stevenson did not know it, but Gordon too had evolved a formula for the solution of Irish difficulties and a much more practical one than Stevenson's. But Stevenson knew enough of Gordon to want to imitate him. He could never stand siege as a soldier; but here in Castlefarm was a Kartoum that he could defend. One feels that Stevenson's imitation-impulse had a good deal to do with his Kerry Quixotry.

VI

If the story of the Mrs. Jenkin letters is unknown to Irish readers of Stevenson, the sequel to it must be quite a disclosure, since in all the

[1] Major-General Sir Redvers Buller (1839–1908), who had already served Britain in a half dozen of her " little wars," was sent to Kerry in August 1886 on a mission of pacification. An honest soldier, his observation of conditions there led him—like Sir John Moore in 1798—to oppose coercion. He was brought back to Dublin as Under-Secretary in November. He failed to prevent the Glenbeigh evictions in January 1887; and in March, when Balfour succeeded Hicks-Beach as Irish Secretary and the Tory determination to employ further coercive measures became more pronounced, he resigned and withdrew from Ireland.

writings on Stevenson published on this side of the Atlantic one is aware of only one passing reference to it.

In May 1887 Stevenson's father died, and in August he left Britain for ever. How he was received in the United States, on the long journey that was to end in Samoa, is among the best known stories in modern literary history. In December, or perhaps in January, 1888, being then at Saranac lake in the Adirondacks, where he began the writing of " The Master of Ballantrae," he honoured the promise that he must have made himself in the previous April. He had not gone to Kerry ; he had not, as far as we know, even gone to see Balfour ; but he would at least speak his mind publicly on the Irish Question. And again fate conspired against him to frustrate his intention.

At Saranac, where he said the air is " extraordinarily clear and cold " and " the brain works with much vivacity," he wrote an article entitled *Confessions of a Unionist* for " Scribner's Magazine". In it he set forth his opinions on Ireland. Charles Scribner—a wiser man than R.L.S. was, at this juncture at any rate—returned it to him in proof and later, apparently, requested that he should withdraw it. Stevenson gently and courteously acquiesced. " I write," said he, " to please you, not myself, and you know a main sight better than I do what is good." He folded it in an envelope and placed it among his papers.

Did he sigh for the memory of Gordon ? Stevenson said of his own life that it was " full of arrivals and departures " ; here was a departure, for he made no further recorded reference to Ireland.

What was this article that was suppressed ? In 1914 the proof, with others of Stevenson's papers, was sold by auction. It is now in the Library of Harvard University. It has never been published on this side of the Atlantic. Rosaline Masson is the only one of Stevenson's biographers who mentions it, and she gives only a brief summary of its contents.[1]

Poor, generous, impulsive, courageous Stevenson insisted at the outset of what he wrote that Irish affairs were incorrectly reported in America. If that, said he, was the state of Ireland, then the position of the majority of British subjects was " merely unthinkable". " Many of us," he went on, " have been in favour of home rule for Ireland ten or a dozen years before Mr. Gladstone ; we have no Irish land, we know no Irish landlords ; and yet here we are today in the camp of Union." One recalls Barry O'Brien's remark about Price Hughes, who crusaded against Parnell : " The most objectionable Englishman is the Englishman who suddenly wakes up and imagines he has discovered Ireland—the

[1] R. Masson : " Life of Robert Louis Stevenson " (1923), pp. 267 f, and see pp. 243 f, 303. I am greatly indebted to the Director of the National Library of Ireland for securing a microfilm of the proof when I drew his attention to it, and to the authorities of Harvard Library for their courteous reply to my enquiries and for permitting me to quote from the document.

man who comes to you and says: 'You know, I was a Home Ruler before Mr. Gladstone'." In what company does R.L.S find himself!

Stevenson admitted that "the state of Ireland is a perpetual and crying blot upon the fame of England". But Ireland was not an easy country to rule, and the difficulty was increased by English indifference, sentimentality, "and the wavering of English party government". England had not, "now at least, erred by being too harsh". Even common firmness was absent. The coercion acts should be called protection acts, because they were directed against "unmanly murders, the harshest extreme of boycotting, and that applied to the poorest and most pitiable persons: murders like the Joyce murder or the Curtin murder; boycottings like that of the Curtin family: crimes which if any government permit and do not sternly suppress, it has ceased to be a government at all". These crimes were subsidised "with money openly collected"; they were designed to stifle the voice of the minority, and they were "suggested and protected by the leaders of the party, speaking openly from the platform". England had failed in Ireland by suffering the law to tumble in the dust. Here, "in one word," was the heart of the Unionist position. The question of Home Rule did not enter into it. "With all the lessons of history at our back, we will grant nothing that shall even appear to be extorted by brutality and murder. We shall see the law paramount, before we talk of its reform."

Stevenson believed that the cause of the law was the cause of the weak, of the Joyce children, the Curtin girls and "the poor little sightseers at the Tower". Law should be dropped as a farce if it could not be made effectual: "Do not bind the honest man and set the bully free." "We think," he concluded, "that Ireland has been wronged; it is hard to say how much, for it is all dusted over with the nonsense of the public platform. On the other hand, we believe its chief wrong, in all our time, to have been the want of firm authority." He asked the people of the United States not to be carried away by an appeal to sentiment. What Ireland needed was a thing well known in America—the Vigilance Committee.

Stevenson claimed that he had laid bare the heart of the Tory outlook; but in this article the heart that he had bared was his own. It was, on the facts as they were known to him, a cry of horror at injustice. We can read it and the letters to Mrs. Jenkin now and they do not in the least lessen our opinion of their writer. It goes without saying that his information about Ireland was garbled in the extreme; but no man who was so *humane*, so free from malice, so fanatically determined to defend a universal scale of values could have been the enemy of any country. Stevenson deserved that meed of poetic justice that has kept his words concealed until they can be read as something other than political utterances.

G. A. Hayes-McCoy

CHARLES DICKENS

HIS BIOGRAPHERS AND HIS TIMES*

BY DONAL O'SULLIVAN

AMONG the memories of my adolescence is a speech by the late Lord Rosebery delivered on the fortieth anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. To him and to his contemporaries the writings of the great novelist were familiar as their garter, and the characters which he created seemed like people whom they had known—and known intimately. Mantalini's departure to the demnition bow-wows, Oliver Twist's asking for more, the sapient remark of Mr. F.'s aunt regarding milestones on the Dover Road, the toughness of Joe Bagstock, the jollity of Tapley, the wiliness of Wegg: all these, and scores of others, were continually drawn upon to add a spice to conversation or for purposes of literary allusion. In the speech to which I have referred, Rosebery emphasized the affection and esteem in which Dickens was then held; and he went on to speculate whether, after another four decades, this would still be the case. Was his vogue a phenomenon unlikely to outlive the immediate post-Victorian era? Was his fame evanescent?

I

The period mentioned has now passed, and the questions can be answered. Boz has stood the test of eighty years, and by popular acclaim he is firmly established as the greatest novelist who has ever written in English. Others have surpassed him in the craft of letters, and the critics may justly stress his faults and his limitations. But to ordinary folk who read romances for pleasure and without a captious mind such shortcomings are trifles light as air when weighed against the fertility of his invention, his infectious good humour, his sense of pathos, his championship of the downtrodden and the oppressed. At the present time his novels are in brisk demand, whether singly or in sets, and the Oxford University Press has in hand a sumptuous new edition of the entire works; and it is significant that the new standard *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* devotes more columns to Dickens than to any other writer of prose. He is indeed, apart from Shakespeare, the most quoted writer in the language.

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* *Dickens. His Character, Comedy and Career.* By Hesketh Pearson. 15 plates. Pp. xi+366. London: Methuen. 1949. 18s.

Charles Dickens. A Biographical and Critical Study. By Jack Lindsay. Pp. 459. London: Andrew Dakers. 1950. 18s.

Charles Dickens and Early Victorian England. By R. J. Cruikshank. 64 illustrations in photogravure, 37 line illustrations and 14 Isotype charts in colour. Pp. xii+308. London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 1949. 20s.

If Dickens has retained the favour of the reading public, he has been less fortunate in some of his latter-day critics and biographers. Two trends are discernible, and we may consider them in turn. The first is a tendency to analyse his writings from varying standpoints of economics, ethics, politics, and to claim his support for whatever ideas on these subjects the particular critic is concerned to put forward. This tendency is well summarized by the late George Orwell in an essay in his book *Inside the Whale*. Orwell points out that it seemed natural to Chesterton to credit Dickens

" with his own highly individual brand of medievalism, and more recently a Marxist writer, Mr. T. A. Jackson, has made spirited efforts to turn Dickens into a bloodthirsty revolutionary. The Marxist claims him as ' almost ' a Marxist, the Catholic claims him as ' almost ' a Catholic, and both claim him as a champion of the proletariat (or ' the poor,' as Chesterton would have put it). On the other hand, Nadesha Krupskaya, in her little book on Lenin, relates that when Lenin was in his last illness she began reading him the ' Christmas Carol,' and he found the bourgeois sentiment of Dickens so intolerable that she was forced to abandon it.

To this we may add that, during the British general election last February, the chapter from *Pickwick* on the Eatanswill Election was broadcast by Moscow Radio for the purpose of illustrating how these bourgeois affairs are conducted in present-day England !

In view of such analytical tendencies, it is desirable to stress the fact that Dickens is not primarily a social reformer but one of the world's great creative novelists, to be read and enjoyed as such. " Perhaps, properly speaking," writes George Santayana, " he had no *ideas* on any subject. What he had was a vast sympathetic participation in the daily life of mankind ; and what he saw of ancient institutions made him hate them, as needless sources of oppression, misery, selfishness and rancour." The old Court of Chancery, the Circumlocution Office, the Workhouse, the Marshalsea, the Yorkshire Schools—these and other abuses have long vanished, many of them killed by Dickens ; but the characters with which he peopled them are immortal. In this connection we may note that *Hard Times*, where Dickens is at his most propagandist, is the shortest and least readable of his novels.

The second trend is an undue concentration on the details of the novelist's private life, instead of holding a just balance between the man and his work. In this Dickens is, of course, not alone. The late Lytton Strachey set the fashion of " debunking " the Victorians—a vulgar word for a vulgar pursuit ; and Dickens as one of the greatest of the Victorians could hardly hope to escape. A scrutiny of the intimate lives of these men was deemed vital to a revaluation of their achievement, and the scribes (not to mention the pharisees) proceeded to examine under the microscope

" Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances ".

The result has been much as one would expect. "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" But these two trends have sometimes the curious effect of telling us rather more about the mind of the biographer than about that of the subject. "Biography is all about chaps," wrote E. C. Bentley genially in his first book of clerihews; but it is too often about the wrong chaps.

This is not to suggest that scholarly books on Dickens are lacking. But there is a great need of a definitive *Life* on the grand scale which will take account of all the fresh material which has come to light since John Forster's standard biography was reprinted in 1928 with scholarly annotations by the late J. W. T. Ley. Other works that deserve mention are those by F. G. Kitton (1902), Ralph Straus (1928) and H. C. Dent (1933), the most recent (apart from the books under review) being that published by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy in 1945. Personally I find this eminently satisfactory as a straight narrative, written without conscious bias and reasonably accurate as to its facts. (I shall refer to its most serious error in a moment). Unhappily, volumes of this type hardly cater for what Thomas Love Peacock calls "the public appetite for gossip about notorieties". On the "debunking" side are others which followed the unproven allegations made by Thomas Wright about Dickens's last years. A brief reference to this topic is essential to a proper understanding of the books by Mr. Hesketh Pearson and Mr. Jack Lindsay; and the central, if shadowy, figure is Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan.

II

This lady was a member of a theatrical family. Her father, Thomas Lawless Ternan, was actor-manager of the Newcastle Theatre at the time of his marriage in 1834 to Frances Eleanor Jarman, who was also a member of the profession. They were in Dublin in 1843, and it seems probable from his name that Ternan was of Irish Catholic stock. He died three years later, leaving three young children—Fanny, Ellen and Maria, all of whom went on the stage. Dickens (an enthusiastic first-nighter) met Ellen backstage and was greatly attracted to her. In August 1857, Wilkie Collins's play *The Frozen Deep* was performed in Manchester, with Dickens as producer and Mrs. Ternan, Ellen and Maria in the cast. Dickens was then in his forty-sixth year, had been married for twenty-one years and had had ten children, of whom nine were living. Miss Ellen Ternan was eighteen. So much for the short facts.

Thomas Wright was a man with a gift for nosing out details in the private lives of the eminent dead. In 1893 he got in touch with a London clergyman named Canon Benham, who belonged to the High Church or Anglo-Catholic branch of the Church of England. According to the Canon, Miss Ternan was disturbed over her connection with Dickens and went to him for spiritual solace. She unburdened her mind to him,

telling him the whole story. With scant regard for the duties of his office, Benham recounted his version of the affair to Wright in successive interviews. Many years later, Wright made his first disclosures in an article in the *Daily Express*, 3 April 1934, to which he gave the spicy title: "Charles Dickens Began His Honeymoon." He elaborated the material in his *Life of Charles Dickens*, published the following year, adding further details in his *Autobiography*, which appeared in 1937, the year of his death.

Meanwhile, Miss Gladys Storey had been having a series of conversations with Dickens's daughter Kate (Mrs. Perugini), taking notes of the old lady's musings. Kate died in 1929 in her ninetieth year, and Miss Storey's talks took place when she was probably nearer ninety than eighty: so one cannot tell how far her reminiscences were factual and how far what Lowell called "rum-in-his-senses". Miss Storey incorporated the results of this "thinking aloud "in her book *Dickens and Daughter*, issued ten years after Kate's death. It includes some material relating to Miss Ternan.

Now, it will be observed that the accounts of Wright and Miss Storey are hearsay evidence: "what the soldier said". With Wright we are at two removes, and with Miss Storey at one remove, from the original. Moreover, the evidence—such as it is—was recounted after a lapse of time amounting to many years in both cases. Obviously there is some truth in the business, but whether it is a grain or a bushel is impossible to tell. "There's no smoke without fire," as people say; but it is no harm to remember that there's no fire without smoke—and even a small fire will produce a disproportionate volume of smoke if it is made of dirty materials.

Honest biographers cannot ignore this evidence, but it is their duty to examine it judicially and to use it with discretion and good taste, due regard being paid to the feelings of the living. In this connection it may be mentioned that Miss Ternan married a clergyman in 1876 and that her son and daughter still survive. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the duty has been discharged by Messrs. Lindsay and Pearson. The former congratulates Wright on making "the first breach in the Dickensian Lie"; the latter applies the contemptuous and malformed word "Dickolaters" to those who feel unable to accept the evidence as it stands. I have no wish to follow either of them down what the reader might deem to be murky by-paths; but I propose to test their reliability by taking a single important incident, which it is possible to isolate, and to show how they deal with it.

III

That incident is the railway disaster at Staplehurst, on the line from Folkestone to London, 9 June 1865. Dickens was suffering from overwork and had gone to Paris for a short holiday at the end of May. The

train in which he was travelling home crashed into a stream where the track was under repair, with the loss of many lives. *There is only one source of information about the other passengers in Dickens's compartment, and all subsequent accounts are derived from it.* This source is the novelist's letter to Thomas Mitton, penned four days after the tragedy (Nonesuch Edition, III, 425). It is overlong for citation in full, but I shall quote the relevant portion :

. . . . . I was in the only carriage that did not go over into the stream. It was caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge, and hung suspended and balanced in an apparently impossible manner. Two ladies were my fellow-passengers, an old one and a young one. This is exactly what passed. You may judge from it the precise length of the suspense : Suddenly we were off the rail, and beating the ground as the car of a half-emptied balloon might. The old lady cried out, " My God ! " and the young one screamed. I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite and the young one on my left), and said : " We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray don't cry out." The old lady immediately answered : " Thank you. Rely upon me. Upon my soul I will be quiet." We were then all tilted down together in a corner of the carriage, and stopped. I said to them thereupon : " You may be sure nothing worse can happen. Our danger *must* be over. Will you remain here without stirring, while I get out of the window ? " They both answered quite collectedly, " Yes," and I got out without the least notion what had happened. Fortunately I got out with great caution and stood upon the step. Looking down I saw the bridge gone, and nothing below me but the line of rail . . . . .

He got a key from one of the guards (who recognized him) and released his fellow-passengers, who are not further mentioned. He describes his ministrations to the injured and the dying, and the letter concludes :—

I have a—I don't know what to call it—constitutional (I suppose) presence of mind, and was not in the least fluttered at the time. I instantly remembered that I had the MS. of a number [of *Our Mutual Friend*] with me, and clambered back into the carriage for it. But in writing these scanty words of recollection I feel the shake and am obliged to stop.

Now for the treatment of the incident by these two biographers.

Mr. Pearson (pp. 305-7) : " His fellow-passengers were an old lady and Ellen Ternan." " The two ladies were much more concerned over their bonnet-boxes than over the Boffins, but he would scarcely have risked shaking the carriage from its perilous ledge for anything less precious than his manuscript." " I have come across but one reference to Ellen Ternan's presence on this occasion, no authority being given ; but that she was a fellow-passenger may be inferred from the solicitude shown for her by Dickens soon after the accident, at a time when he was more than usually solicitous for himself."

The " one reference " cannot be other than Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's *Life* (p. 413), a book not included in the " Selected Sources " printed at the end of Mr. Pearson's volume. Where he discovered the ladies' concern over their luggage is for him to say.

Mr. Jack Lindsay (p. 385) : " He had gone to France with Ellen and

her mother and on the way back they were in the train that toppled into the river at Staplehurst". Passages from Dickens's letter to Mitton are then quoted (or rather misquoted), without source stated. "'Two ladies (Mrs. Ternan and Ellen) were my fellow-passengers, an old one and a young one.' Mrs. Ternan called 'My God'. Ellen screamed."

It will be observed that the words "Mrs. Ternan and Ellen" are placed in parentheses, not in square brackets. In accordance with accepted usage, the implication is that they are part of Dickens's text.

Again (p. 344): "Charles took Ellen to Paris. We know this because she was with him when in 1865 on his way home he was involved in the bad railway accident at Staplehurst. . . . . He who had planned the death of the amorously guilty Carker under the charging engine [in *Dombey & Son*] had been caught in a railway disaster while travelling with the girl of his guilt."

IV

I leave Staplehurst without further comment and turn to the consideration of these two books separately. It seems not unfair to say that Mr. Pearson's scintillating study exemplifies the latter-day tendency to concentrate on the private lives of the eminent rather than on their achievement. A note on the publisher's jacket almost proclaims as much: "What distinguishes this biography from all its predecessors is that in its pages Dickens *the Man*, as friend, lover, husband, father, actor, editor, reformer, entertainer, producer, critic, creator, lives again." "Novelist" is not included in this array of common nouns, "lover" comes second in the list, and "creator" brings up the rear. We gather from the same note that the project was suggested by Mr. G. B. Shaw: "As you have done Shakespeare and Shaw, are you not bound to do Dickens? Anybody but Dickens will be a come down after Shakespeare and G. B. S." It seems an inadequate reason, particularly in view of the fact that Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's *Life* appeared so recently. Mr. Pearson's book is undocumented and his list of "Selected Sources" is sketchy and unarranged; but it seems unlikely that he has tapped unpublished material to any extent.

In default of such, a biographer is ordinarily drawn to his subject by affection for the man and his work—*ingenti perculsus amore*, as the phrase has it. Mr. Pearson claims to have loved Dickens's works since boyhood, but it would be difficult to affirm that he likes their author. A formidable list could be compiled of unkindly remarks about the novelist found scattered through these pages. A few have already been cited with reference to Staplehurst. I give others in connection with Dickens as an actor, in which this book is at its best on the interpretive side. "Like many actors, Dickens had a deal of the spoilt child in his make-up. Whenever he wanted a thing badly, he wanted it instantly,

and was liable to howl if he did not get it." Again: "Anxious to make sure of the suffrages of the forty-shilling freeholders in his constituency and unable to bribe them directly with money, Bulwer Lytton conceived the idea of inviting them to Knebworth in order to see Dickens and his company perform *Every Man In His Humour*. Dickens was overjoyed at the prospect, and might even have given his vote to the Tories in return for the pleasure of acting before them." Lastly, there is an unmistakable jibe in the allegation that "Dickens was at his happiest on the stage, and at the height of his happiness when playing the hero who sacrifices himself for love and dissolves the audience into sympathy and admiration for himself."

If Mr. Pearson dissembles his love for his chosen subject, it is some consolation to know that the subject's familiars fare little better. A sneer at Lytton will be found above, and he is elsewhere dismissed as "a tawdry novelist". Forster he cannot abide; George Dolby is vulgar; Hablot K. Browne is unsociable. Wilkie Collins's "private life was unfashionable, and even those friends of his who kept mistresses felt that he was going too far in not keeping up appearances". But Mr. Pearson's most absurd passage is that in which he refers to the death of Little Nell. After telling us that "no one weeps more copiously than the hardened scoundrel," he continues: "Naturally the story appealed most strongly to those whom we may politely describe as the knottiest among Dickens's famous contemporaries"—and he names Carlyle, O'Connell, Landor and Jeffrey! I do not know the meaning of "knottiest" in this context, any more than Micawber knew the meaning of "gowans". Does Mr. Pearson imply that these four men were hardened scoundrels?

The volume being concerned with "Dickens *the Man*," it would hardly be fair to expect a revaluation of each of the novels. But where this is attempted the judgments are surprising. Mr. Pearson finds "emotional confusion" in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and the three excerpts which he selects as being "among the triumphs of humorous fiction" are all concerned with Quilp's sadistic bullying of his minion Sampson Brass. Nowhere is there mention of Mr. Richard Swiveller, who ranks with Sam Weller at the head of Dickens's humorous creations. As to Sam, "no famous character in fiction [*sic*] is less funny, except Touchstone, of whom there is mercifully nothing like so much". While we may agree that Dickens is not at his best as a writer of short stories, the criticism is too sweeping which holds that "most of them display everything that is worst and weakest in him, everything which levels him with the herd of mankind and is therefore least worthy of remark: his maudlin sentimentality, his morbid interest in crime, and his maddening juvenility which comes out in a playful archness that is more than a little depressing."

If we must hold such literary judgments to be unreliable or inadequate,

it would be ungenerous to withhold praise from the author for his discernment of certain aspects of Dickens's human side and, also, for the sustained buoyancy of his style, which makes this a most readable volume for popular use. Nevertheless, such a style has its defects. For a writer to refer to John Dickens's " libatory tastes " when he means his drinking habits is a tiresome piece of preciosity. It is surprising (in more senses than one) to be told that when the novelist " went to a performance of *Oliver Twist*, he laid down on the floor of the box". In the negotiations for a collaboration with Seymour the artist, over the production of *Pickwick*, Dickens is represented as being determined that " there must not be two Richards in the field "—a pointless variation of a *cliché* unless " Richmonds " is meant. The day after the interview between the two men Seymour shot himself, and Mr. Pearson blandly comments: " It was a tragedy that arose from the nature of things, and the responsibility must rest with the creator of all things."

Perhaps the chief defect of the book is that it is liberally peppered with irrelevant *obiter dicta* of this type, for the most part sardonic and unhumorous, and irritating to any reader whose mind is not attuned to the author's. A few examples must suffice. Dickens's parents had " trouble with the butcher and baker, who had the curious notion that their bills ought to be paid". Of the theatrical piracy then common: " The managers were usually considerate enough not to pester authors for their permission or advice and were particularly careful not to insult them with royalties." " Dickens had reached a stage in his development when the world, the flesh and the devil meant more to him than the Ten Commandments, of which he had had more than enough." But Mr. Pearson is at his most flatulent in his explanation of the great novelist's religious faith. " He believed that Jesus Christ, by some mysterious process unavailable to other mortals, was the Son of God. . . . . Too egotistic to accept the annihilation of self and too materialistic to face the extinction of everything he had loved on earth, he fervently believed in a life beyond this world." On reading this passage one lays the book down more puzzled than ever why the author should have chosen Charles Dickens as his subject.

V

In his knowledge of Dickens, his writings and his times, Mr. Jack Lindsay leaves Mr. Pearson far behind. He has the merit of being attracted to the novels; he has lavished profound thought on them; and he has something new to say. In his view, the root of the matter has escaped the notice of generations of readers and has been missed by all previous biographers: the fact that the genius of Dickens was wholly conditioned by his early environment and by his personal experi-

ences. His characters and his plots are all, in some sort, emanations of his psychic self. This, of course, is the Freudian interpretation. As has been well said : " The primary consideration in a novel, or in any other form of literary creation, used to be the emotional or intellectual effect upon the reader. But since the wind set in from Vienna the primary consideration, what it is essential to know to make any work intelligible, is the seed of good or evil—especially of evil—that initiated the aesthetic action." At the end of this exciting volume I find myself bemused by such words and phrases as " ambivalence," " the machinery of taboo-fear," " the element of psychotic fixation," " death-wish " and " the money-ethic " ; and I fear that my wondering reaction is much the same as that of Mr. Polly to the discourses of his neighbour with the egg-shaped head : " Boil it some more, old man ! Six minutes at least ! "

Let us take a few of the less noxious examples. During his childhood at Chatham Dickens was familiar with a district known as Tom-all-alone's, then in the possession of the military and the site of a convict prison. It derived its quaint name from its original owner, Thomas Clark, who lived there in solitude. Naturally enough, when in writing *Bleak House* the novelist needed a name for the festering and malodorous slum inhabited by poor Jo the Crossing-Sweeper, his mind turned to Tom-all-alone's because of its picturesque and sinister quality. But, according to Mr. Lindsay, it expresses " the rotten forces of greed caught in a material effluvium of decay and darkness".

At Chatham, in the real Tom-all-alone's, Dickens had often seen the soldiers at their operations blow up a house. The springing of the mine, which was there an observed fact, has been changed into a symbol of the inner forces of self-destruction in the night of decay. And what links the actual experience and the symbolic recreation is the tale of the lonely man, turning away from the defiled world and crying eerily in the dark of eve. This man is the Bedlamite, the poor Tom of *Lear*, the folk-image of the prophet in all his scared and pitiful isolation steadfast against the world. Woe, woe. The lost child, the sacrificed child, poor shivering Joe [*sic*]. Tom's a cold, Joe's all alone.

" ' Oh, boil it hard ! ' said Mr. Polly." The houses kept falling down because they were in a ruinous condition. " These accidents," writes Dickens, " have made a paragraph or two in the newspapers, and have filled a bed or two in the nearest hospital " ; and the fact is related to the main theme of the novel, because " this desirable property is in Chancery, of course". Poor Jo is related to one of the subordinate themes. " The houses not yet being open, he sits down to breakfast on the door-step of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and gives it a brush when he has finished, as an acknowledgment of the accommodation. He admires the size of the edifice and wonders what it's all about. He has no idea, poor wretch, of the spiritual destitution of a coral reef in the Pacific, or what it costs to look up the precious souls among the cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit."

It is well known that in *David Copperfield* Dickens is at his most autobiographical. In his description of David's courtship of Dora Spenlow—" the adorable, absurd, exquisite Dora " as she has been called—the novelist drew upon his early emotions when, at the age of eighteen, he fell desperately in love with Maria Beadnell, who did not reciprocate his affection. Like his other novels, the story appeared in monthly parts. At the half-way stage, he had not made up his mind about the future course of the plot. He writes on the 7 May 1850: " Still undecided about Dora, but *must* decide to-day." His genius clearly perceived that the death of the child-wife was necessary, in order that the hero might achieve serenity in his union with Agnes Wickfield—the note on which the story ends. So the step was taken without compunction. " I have been very hard at work these three days and have still Dora to kill. But with good luck I may do it to-morrow " (20 August 1850).

From the Freudian aspect, the matter stands differently. According to Mr. Lindsay:

> Maria had married a business man named Winter. The dream-picture of her turned into the Dora of *Copperfield*, in which Charles released his emotions by a characteristic use of the death-wish. He blended together his dream-definition of a lyric union with the sweet young thing and his imagery of ecstatic death. The death of Dora was thus an act of revenge against Maria for the suffering and ignominy she inflicted on him, and a dream-compensation for loss, a compensation in which he emotionally achieved a sense of union with the beloved at the highest point of imaginable intensity.

If the question were asked, " Who is the most melodramatic villain in the entire range of Dickens's novels? ", the general choice would probably fall on Carker the Manager in *Dombey & Son*. He elopes with Edith Dombey and is being pursued by her outraged husband. It is essential that he shall die, and the manner of his end must be as violent and melodramatic as the author can contrive. At the time the book was written (1846), the railway was a recent invention and Huskisson's death at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line was still fresh in the public mind. What more fitting nemesis could overtake James Carker? So, at the moment that his eyes meet those of the man he has wronged, he slips on to the track as the express train closes upon him. " He was beaten down, caught up, and whirled away upon a jagged mill, that spun him round and round, and struck him limb from limb, and licked his stream of life up with its fiery heat, and cast his mutilated fragments into the air."

Now for Mr. Lindsay's interpretation:

> This train image is profoundly important for Dickens, and indeed is in the end to kill him, as the imagined train killed Carker. Carker as the guilt-self of Dickens is run over, crushed. . . . . When the frontispiece of *Dombey* was drawn, there appeared in it a monster train with demon eyes ; and this was in very truth the nightmare train which ran the guilt-self down in the lifelong pursuit.

There are some things here which are hard to follow. Dickens was not killed by a train image or by anything suggested by a train. He died of apoplexy, not of locomotive ataxy, and the fact that his death occurred on the fifth anniversary of the Staplehurst accident is merely an odd coincidence. The frontispiece of *Dombey* was drawn by H. K. Browne, not by Dickens. At the time of Carker's fictional death, it is not alleged that his creator had eloped with anybody or that he contemplated an elopement ; so he can hardly have acquired a " guilt-self ". But perhaps the " guilt-self " is the Freudian equivalent of original sin and everybody is born with one ?

We have seen what psycho-analytical ingenuity can do with a simple place-name like Tom-all-alone's. The esoteric interpretation of some of the personal names goes further. Mr. Lindsay knows no more than anyone else about the nature and character of Miss E. L. Ternan : but he assumes Dickens's unproven association with this lady and discerns her qualities through the young women of the later novels :—

> Dickens, with his inability to hide trails which one deep part of him wants to blazon defiantly before the world, keeps linking Ellen Landless Ternan with his heroines through their names. Estella Provis of *Great Expectations* is a sort of anagram of " Ell-la-ess-te." Bella Wilfer carries on something of a jingle with Estella, with Wilfer added to bring out a touch of wilful capriciousness ; and Helena Landless is Ellen Landless without any disguise. Rosa Budd lacks this verbal link, but has a name clearly devised to express desirable young womanhood. There is only a slight verbal link between Ellen Ternan and Lucie Manette, the first heroine conceived by Charles after the liaison began ; but the identification of Charles Dickens and Charles Darney is obvious.
>
> Manette reversed is Tenam, not unlike Ternan. These details may seem trifling ; but close scrutiny has convinced me of the complex associative play in Dickens's name-formations.

Literary biography must indeed be hard put to it when it has recourse to the anagram, the cryptogram and the jingle. Miss Ternan's middle name was not Landless but Lawless, and Manette reversed is not Tenam but Ettenam. It is odd that Mr. Lindsay's close scrutiny has not enabled him to avoid numerous mistakes with Dickens's personal names. In the above quotation, Rosa Bud and Charles Darnay are wrongly spelled ; among others scattered throughout the book are Mr. Mantalini, Lord Verisopht, Mrs. Pipchin, Mrs. Jellyby, Bill Sikes, Morleena Kenwigs, Miss Snevellici and Eugene Wrayburn.

VI

No, despite the claims made for these two biographies the world still awaits a satisfactory, definitive *Life* of Charles Dickens. Meantime, the pleasure of knowing him through his novels is something of which no latter-day critic can deprive us. But the gulf between (say) 1850 and 1950 is greater than that between any other two centuries in human

history, and the difference is perhaps most noticeable in the lives of the lower middle classes and of the poor. Dickens is supremely the novelist of these sections of the community: hence some knowledge of the social and political background is desirable. This background has now been depicted for us by Mr. R. J. Cruikshank, the present occupant of the editorial chair of the *News-Chronicle*, the successor of the *Daily News*, of which Dickens was one of the founders and the first editor. I read this wholly admirable volume right through at a sitting—finding, as Mr. Swiveller said about the purl, that "It can't be tasted in a sip". What Mr. Cruikshank does not know about the period is not worth knowing, and he has the art of communicating to the reader both his knowledge and his enthusiasm in a manner that happily blends the factual with the picturesque, while always remaining eminently sane. The sumptuous illustrations are as satisfying as the text.

The author (rightly) does not give us overmuch Dickens, but, choosing him as the most representative figure, emotionally, of his age, depicts that age partly from Dickens's writings but to a greater extent from those of others. "To be really adequate," he says, "the bibliography should be larger than the rest of this book." Still, it contains scores of items, including such diverse titles as Pierce Egan's *Tom and Jerry*, Newman's *Lyra Apostolica*, *The Methodist Hymn Book* and Engels' *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*. Dickens is constantly recalled to us by the pleasant conceit of naming parts of the work after his titles—"Great Expectations" for the pre-Victorian period, "Hard Times" for the Corn Laws and Chartism, and so on. Hardly a facet is neglected of life as it was lived, and among the invaluable appendices is a Chronological Table ranging from the death of George IV in 1830 to the death of Dickens forty years later. This is in four parallel columns, devoted respectively to Politics and Economics, Society and Culture, Science and Discovery, and Foreign Affairs.

One could have wished, perhaps, for a few pages on the prize-ring, so as to link up the feats of The Deaf 'Un, The Gas Man and The Chelsea Snob with the doings of Dickens's Game Chicken—not forgetting his patron Mr. Toots. But the point is a small one. After an overdose of biography, the heart warms to a man who boldly proclaims that the romance of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness "in its tenderness and compassionate imagination is the finest love story in Dickens and, it may be argued, one of the half-dozen best love stories in the world". The truth is that Mr. Cruikshank is qualified to interpret the age of Dickens because he is spiritually and temperamentally in harmony with the great novelist and his times. Said the Dismal Man to Mr. Pickwick, as the latter was contemplating the morning beauty of the Medway from the bridge at Rochester and thinking of what he was going to have for breakfast: "Did it ever strike you, on such a morning as this, that drowning

would be happiness and peace?" "God bless me, no!" replied Mr. Pickwick. And that is perhaps the measure of the difference between Mr. Cruikshank and some of Dickens's biographers.

If a definitive *Life* is still to seek, it is also true that there is no satisfactory Dictionary of Dickens. Now, Dickens is among the most allusive of writers and his pages abound with quips and similes that have become obscure by the passage of time. I have already shown how his humour is illuminated by so unlikely a source as the poet Moore[1]. Again, when Sam Weller says to his father, "Vell, now, you've been a-prophecyin' avay wery fine, like a red-faced Nixon, as the sixpenny books give picters on," we are naturally curious to know who Nixon was. Fortunately, annotations of about half the novels have appeared in *The Dickensian* during the past nine years, and it is understood that the rest await publication. The compilation has been done by that veteran scholar and doyen of Dickensians, Mr. T. W. Hill, but the circle to which it is accessible is too restricted. The entire work should be issued in volume form and so made available to readers of the novels the world over.

DONAL O'SULLIVAN

[1] *Studies*, XXVII, 146.

FUTURE OF THE HUMANITIES

THE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTION

BY RICHARD J. HAYES
Director of the National Library

MANY changes have taken place during the first half of the twentieth century which will have an important bearing on the future of learning. The present year, marking the middle of the century, seems an appropriate time to take stock of the past and look into the future. Certain trends in scholarship, which were already visible before the War, have now become much more evident. The economic conditions of the past ten years have restricted work in many fields of study and have stimulated research in others. In many respects these are not temporary changes due to current events, though they have been hastened by them, but represent a permanent difference in outlook, the result of new forces at work both in the Old World and the New.

If we look back to the beginning of the century we find classical and mathematical studies flourishing in the Universities of Europe and, to some extent, in those of America. Science had taken its place as a major field of research attracting many brilliant students and, with its vast expansion, technology was gradually becoming recognised as a new subject or series of subjects which universities in an industrial age could no longer ignore. Nevertheless, the older universities still clung to their ancient traditions and there was a balance between science and the humanities. Many of the institutes of higher learning now in existence had not then been established. The student body was a far smaller and also a far more select group than it is to-day. Large scale research by industrial organisations had hardly begun. The application of the results of advanced research to the affairs of everyday life was something new. It was clearly understood that scholarship was an end in itself or, at any rate, had no other end beyond the general advancement of knowledge, the gratification of intellectual curiosity.

Certain fields were somewhat neglected such as modern literature and especially the literatures of the less widely spoken languages. On the other hand, philology, archaeology, ancient and medieval history and literature were flourishing studies based on research on the original sources.

From 1880 to 1920 a vast number of the basic texts in many subjects were edited and published, many of them for the first time. The general standards of scholarship were high. There was leisure for research. Learned societies and academies flourished. Many new ones were founded. Printing was not expensive. European civilisation was in full flower, because the fortunes accumulated in the industrial expansion of the second half of the nineteenth century were being applied directly and indirectly,

on a large scale in most countries, to the advancement of knowledge. This was done through the founding of new libraries and new universities, the more liberal endowment of those already in existence, the creation of trusts like the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations, and the establishment of specialised institutes of research in all branches of science.

It was during this period that the great libraries and archives of Europe produced general catalogues of their books and manuscripts. This opened up vast new fields of historical and literary research. The intellectual resources of western civilisation were mobilised and it looked for a time as if we would, at last, begin to catch up on the arrears of the past in literature and history. Knowledge which had for centuries been the privilege of the few was, at last, becoming the birthright and the heritage of all who wished to share in it.

When everything seemed set for great advances in every field of existing scholarship and in many new fields, which the modern scientific and historical outlook had developed, the War of 1914-18 dealt a blow to the humanities from which there has never been a recovery in Europe. The situation might have been restored by another fifty years of peace and prosperity, but this was not to be. The recent World War has put back, if not for ever, at any rate for several generations, the prospects for the humanities and the way of life which fostered them.

A new factor in the world of learning gives some hope that the situation may be partially restored. That is the rise of the United States of America to the leading place in wealth and importance. The American attitude towards learning has begun, during the past thirty years, to exert a decisive influence on events. This fact is not fully realised in Europe and it is high time that we should give it some attention. American civilisation has begun to flower, during the past twenty years, at a time when we in Europe have had little time or opportunity to observe it. Its period of intellectual expansion came thirty or forty years later than in Europe and for rather similar reasons. It is only by paying a visit to America that one can realise the tremendous growth of American culture from 1910 to 1940. Here was unlimited wealth, enormous economic expansion resulting in vast endowment of scholarship. Universities and libraries were multiplied. Europe was combed for rare books and manuscripts. Magnificent collections of literary and historical treasures—mostly printed books, be it noted—were brought together, sumptuously bound and stored. Civilisation began to flower on a whole continent and an immense new impetus to learning began to make itself felt.

In the period between the two wars it was becoming evident that the American and European outlooks in the world of learning were not quite the same. American scholarship in the humanities developed on the only lines which were possible for it given several determining factors which were as follows :

First of all the great manuscript collections, the basic original records which represent the raw material for research in the history and literature of the world up to the middle of the nineteenth century were, for the most part, already deposited in the great libraries and archives of Europe. It is true that many ancient and medieval manuscripts have found their way into American libraries and American private collections. From the private collections they find their way eventually into libraries or other institutes of learning. These were, however, only partial and scattered sources. They could only come from the collections which were still in private hands in Europe in 1914. Had they all found their way into European libraries the records of Western civilisation would have been, to an almost complete extent, assembled in the areas to which they naturally belonged, where the tradition which created them down the ages was still alive. Was it a misfortune for the future of learning that this did not take place? I think not. These manuscripts are better cared and more treasured in the New World than they would have been in the Old. The financial strains which prevented their retention in Europe would have operated also to prevent their cataloguing and their publication.

The position then, so far as source material is concerned, can be described generally by saying that America acquired the printed, but not the manuscript records of Western civilisation.

The second factor in the growth of American scholarship was the feeling for utility which is produced in the psychology of a young, rapidly expanding and highly industrialised nation. There exists a strong desire to see the results of scholarship applied to the immediate benefit of the people. When this benefit is thought of as a material tangible benefit, the result is not always favourable to the humanities. It has led to an attempt to bridge the distance which seems to separate the humanities from science and technology by the creation and development of the social sciences. This tendency to concentrate on the social sciences has been increased by yet another factor peculiar to America—the large scale and lavish private endowment of newly created learned institutions.

In Europe the modern endowment of scholarship was in the main through institutions already existing in some cases for centuries. Money was poured into ready-made moulds. Learning absorbed endowment in Europe, but in America endowments tended to swamp the institutions of learning, to alter their shape and direction. In a great number of places new universities, new foundations, new libraries were created. This great private endowment, depending so much on the whim of the donor, has produced varied results, often magnificent, generally spectacular, but not infrequently quite unbalanced. For knowledge, as a whole, the results have been favourable indeed, but for the humanities in particular they have not been quite so fruitful. Generous donors, not unnaturally, expect quick returns in visible results immediately applicable to the everyday life

of the community they wish to serve. Here we have another factor pushing American researchers away from the humanities towards the social sciences. Immediate results seem more visible in the social sciences, but the lamp of learning burns more brightly when knowledge is an end in itself.

Many Americans are aware that the social sciences are now displacing the humanities in the larger American universities. The librarian of one of the largest of them informed me that the funds available to him would not suffice to build up great collections in both the humanities and the social sciences and that circumstances were, therefore, forcing him to develop the latter to the detriment of the former.

It should also be noted that the research material required for the social sciences is available in current and recent printed publications such as newspapers, scientific and other journals, government publications, and so on ; and, of course, much of the work is based on direct observation of the community and statistics collected amongst various social groups therein.

To the European observer a great amount of this research seems of little permanent value for the real advancement of knowledge. At its worst it leads to a form of study which bases most of its evidence on questionnaires and produces results of doubtful validity. One feels that the money, the time, and the ability which it absorbs could be better used in the pure and applied sciences and in the humanities.

What can be achieved by American scholars in the humanities is well illustrated in two fields where very fine and extensive work has been done—namely, American history and English literature. For the past twenty years many fine books on English literary subjects and on English bibliography have come from the American university presses. The reasons are twofold. English literature is a course useful to every student and is taken by most of them—with the result that there are, judged by European standards, a really enormous number of university posts in the various branches of this subject. This has meant a large number of specialists with sufficient time to do valuable research and sufficient competition to encourage them to undertake it. Furthermore, the material required for research in this field is to a large extent printed material, and there are plenty of wonderfully equipped libraries available to the scholar.

From a general survey of scholarship in America one is led, therefore, to the conclusion that in the long run the dominant factor is the availability of the material required by the researcher and that this is the major influence in determining in what direction American contributions to the future of learning are going to be made. Scholarship in Europe, on the other hand, suffers no embarrassment from lack of materials for research in all fields ; but economic forces are preventing, and will continue for a long time to prevent, adequate expansion of research in the humanities. The insufficient endowment of universities and libraries and the want of that margin of

wealth in the community which would enable sufficient numbers of brilliant men to devote most of their time to scholarship in the humanities will continue to prevent Europe from making the contribution it has made in the past.

The future of pure and applied science is assured both in Europe and America, because highly industrialised nations must and will support these subjects. The more they are developed the more there is a need for the balancing influence of an increased interest in history, literature, art and philosophy. Spiritual values must be paramount if the civilisation of the twentieth century is to avoid disaster.

The United States of America is heir to the traditions of Western civilisation in as full a degree as is Europe. If the European tradition of scholarship and learning is to survive in succeeding generations it will be, in large measure, on the American Continent. It is an inescapable fact that the advancement of knowledge, the development of the arts, the appreciation of the higher values, the growth and spread of culture depend on the level of general prosperity. In view of this the future of learning is going to depend more and more on the procession of events in America than in Europe. Those who value scholarship must welcome increasing American interest and participation in every field of study. In Europe we must be prepared to share the treasures of the past with the scholars of the future. We must realise that in America the scholars are available, but much of the basic research material for the humanities is not. It must be made available in order to win back towards the humanities the American universities which are very definitely turning away from them. American institutions must be persuaded and helped to microfilm on a vast scale the manuscript collections of the libraries and archives of Europe. A nation which is about to exercise the greatest material influence in world affairs must be permeated with a sense of history and continuity in the European tradition.

If there were no reasons such as those outlined above, it would, none the less, be desirable that the photo-copying of the source material of Western civilisation should be undertaken immediately to ensure its survival through the next cataclysm. Its survival through the last War was largely adventitious and we have been lulled into a false sense of security by our good fortune. The cost of rapidly arranging for its duplication is so great that only with considerable American assistance could it be achieved. Who can say how much time remains for European and American scholars to come together and plan a scheme for saving the basic records which are the title deeds of Western civilisation.

R. J. Hayes

CHARLES PÉGUY AND THE SORBONNE
1873-1914

BY Y. SERVAIS, L.ES L., M.A.

THE Chartres pilgrim, the poet of Joan of Arc, the mystic who sang the beauty of hope, was at the same time a polemist to be feared. Charles Péguy was one of those clear-sighted and vigorous men who appear in a period of crisis and whose mission it is to trouble, with their cries of anger, a torpid world ; a man who excites the timorous and cowardly to action, who relentlessly attacks the powerful and the hypocritical in order that disaster may be staved off. Péguy was particularly inexorable towards those who encroached on, distorted, or betrayed his mystical beliefs : this unimpeachable loyalist opposed all disloyalties. Having fought for Dreyfus, he assaulted the false Dreyfusites ; in all the fervour of his socialism he waged war against " the party ", " top-hatted socialism " ; after his return to his childhood's religion he assailed bourgeois and worldly Catholicism, ashamed of its faith and of its God.

I

In many ways Péguy resembled Joan of Arc : they both yearned for purity and truth ; both felt the same attraction of danger ; both had a predilection for arduous and humanly imprudent enterprises, an impetuosity and inexorability in action. They had the same alert intelligence. the same independent judgment and were moved by the same burning anger against injustice. Both had the gift of striking accurately at weak points, the same " magnificent virtue of insolence".[1] Both were at one time opposed to the Sorbonne. The nineteen year old girl who dauntlessly faced her cruel judges prefigured Péguy the polemist at war against the " Intellectual Party ". Writing to his friend Joseph Lotte about the Rouen trial, Péguy exclaimed : " Ah ! the doctors ! . . . It was as it is today, the blackguards have not changed. Joan of Arc had a form of holiness which was not labelled or catalogued. No index card corresponded to her case ; therefore it was very simple : she was possessed by the devil ! Ah ! the hopeless asses ! These intellectuals are all the same ! " (xviii, I, 137).[2]

This does not mean that Péguy warred against intelligence. On the contrary it was because true culture and the very basis of French thought were in imminent danger that he so sternly attacked university education. As a student at the Ecole Normale, he felt both enthusiasm and respect for the Sorbonne and its lecturers. Later his fervour died ; his attitude

[1] *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc* (Redier, Paris, 1932). Preface by R. Brasillach, p. xiv.

[2] This double reference refers to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* ; a single Roman numeral to Péguy's complete works published by the *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

changed : this " welcoming Sorbonne ", " these masters whom he loved with filial affection, what had become of all that ? " (iv, 471). Several reasons explain this transformation. It is certain that personal motives envenomed the conflict and accounted in part for the bitterness and vehemence of the onslaught. It was in academic people especially that he noted a deterioration of the Dreyfusite mysticism into " politics ". Not only did Lucien Herr, the Librarian at the Ecole Normale, drive Péguy out from the rue Cujas bookshop, but with the help of his " gang" he skilfully boycotted Péguy's *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. Later on a Lavisse and a Faguet were to prevent him from obtaining the French Academy prize for literature.

But if personal animosity played its rôle, there were deeper and more vital causes for the struggle between the poor little " boutique " of the rue de la Sorbonne and the enormous building which towered up just opposite it on the other side of the street. The primary reason, one which dominated this epic war, was that the French mind was endangered by the sterility of pseudo-scientific methods of education. Determinism had invaded the Sorbonne and French thought was disintegrating under the tyrannical influence of the socialist party. Péguy went to battle that intelligence might be noble, free, lucid and never dulled ; he desired for it all the Bergsonian flexibility.

II

Standing aloof from that Sorbonne where genuine culture was dying was Henri Bergson. Lecturing at Normale from 1897 to 1900, the young philosopher exercised a deep influence on the students. Driven away from the University because he was suspected of not sharing the new materialistic spirit and the cult of pure reason, Bergson took refuge at the Collège de France. Péguy, who had the most fervent admiration for his master, continued for ten years to attend his public lectures there every Friday. In an odd assembly, partly fashionable and partly intellectual but from which university professors were absent, he used to stand, serious and meditative, reverently listening to Bergson. He eagerly followed the line of this fluid, transparent thought, so full of imagery and in such continual contact with living reality. After the desiccating methods taught in the Sorbonne, after the rigid system of determinism, he discovered, with an ever new delight, this liberating philosophy which demands an incessant upflow of ideas and a fresh spontaneity of the mind. The Bergsonian revolution assailed the most essential errors of French intellectualism. Its object was especially to denounce ready-made formulae and stereotyped principles. " There is," Péguy wrote later, " a vast mob of men who feel with ready-made feelings, just as there is a vast mob of men who think with ready-made ideas," (ix, 20).

In Bergsonism to habit and automatism is opposed the incessant intellectual creativeness which strives to apprehend life itself, that which is free, complex and mobile. Inert and systematic methods are summarily rejected in favour of a dynamic way of thinking. " Contrary to what is believed, to what is taught . . . it is rigidity which cheats, it is rigidity which lies. And it is flexibility which not only does not cheat, not only does not lie, but does not permit cheating and lying. . . . It is in rigid philosophies that there may be nooks full of dust and microbes, corners full of mouldiness . . . Flexible philosophies, on the contrary, demand a heart perpetually kept up to date, a heart perpetually pure." (ix. 55). On the deeper self are opened up limitless perspectives. The Péguy who strove unwearyingly to find, within his own conscience, his individual truth and to discover the mysteries of his own soul, owed a great debt to that spiritual philosophy which fathoms the secret recesses of being. Bergson taught him the art of listening to " the uninterrupted melody of [his] inner existence."[1] This is far from meaning that man must dream his life away ; the Bergsonian doctrine insists on the importance of participating to the fullest extent in external activity. If action, to be efficacious, requires the support of understanding and meditation, reciprocally it reacts on our mental life, giving to it a new stimulus, a new flexibility and a new richness.

It is quite obvious that the long struggle which Péguy was to wage against the Intellectual Party originated largely in this philosophy. Bergsonism was for him one of those great philosophies which " fight well ", and the battle was vital, for he knew that " all that will be lost by Bergson will instantly be regained by materialism " (ix, 310). Bergson had striven to denounce all crude metaphysics, " which were a hardening, a sclerosis, a rigidity of reason " (ix, 51) ; because of this he was to remain a suspect for the University : " that for which he will never be forgiven is that he broke our chains." (xiv, 174).

III

Péguy's first attacks against the Sorbonne are to a certain extent restrained and cautious. His onslaught began by the criticism of two dead philosophers, Taine and Renan. In spite of great temperamental differences they represented the dual and solid foundation upon which was built the whole edifice of French thought. They stood for the age of rationalism and the " reign of science " ; their powerful influence was responsible for the new spirit of the Sorbonne. Upon them rested the responsibility for the introduction of an intellectual outlook which desiccated minds and souls.

[1] Henri Bergson, *Le Rire*, p. 153.

With Taine, living culture was dried up by pseudo-scientific methods where copious documentation and excessive questings after sources destroyed free intuition and the spontaneous contact with masterpieces. Love of detail ends by concealing the whole, and an impressive array of minute facts postpones synthesis and causes it to be forgotten. Quantity takes the place of quality and mountains of notes reassure the historian and the critic, creating the illusion that reality has been grasped. For Taine criticism consists essentially in wandering in the most remote regions, the most eccentric part of the text. By a never-ending study of environment, epoque and race, this " method of outer-circle railways " (ii, 205) defers until the end—" if we ever get there "—the approach to the text itself. By this infinity of detail Taine had the presumption to think that he had explained how genius was fabricated. With a rigid and unsubtle dogmatism he deals with " the finer textures, the most flexible movements, the most alive elaborations " (ii, 248). As if, Péguy keeps repeating, man could be defined by formulae. The human is reduced to a mechanism ; the mobile is petrified ; life becomes a card index. For Taine the idea of moral responsibility is simply an illusion : " vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar".[1]

The riches of spiritual being, the complexities of genius, the infinitely varied aspects of a masterpiece are all studied as impersonally as a flower or an insect beneath a microscope. Péguy was not slow to denounce the pride lurking behind the dream of this stubborn and pedantic determinist who claims to explain, by scientific concepts, the mystery which each living being's inner life presents. It is the crazy ambition of a discursive method which, after so many efforts to get rid of God, makes of the modern critic and historian the equal of a god.

IV

Against Taine, who never completely lost the assertive and forceful attitude of the teacher, the attack was child's play for Péguy. He put into it a virulence not devoid of verve and irony. Renan was far more disconcerting. Despite himself Péguy remained beneath the spell of this penetratingly clear-sighted sceptic who, with his scientific views, intermingled reveries and a poetry-loaded mysticism. Renan with his Celtic dreaminess, his elusive irony, was a man of paradoxes, a dilettante capable of contemplating within himself the ever-varying spectacle of his emotions and thoughts ; he had a most disturbing seductiveness. For Péguy, still sad at heart after the crisis of 1900, Renan's aloof disenchantment was not without attraction : " Deep down, beneath a certain appearance of gaiety, he was a man of sadness " (iii, 59). It was with a great effort that Péguy strove to protect himself against the " imposing

[1] Taine, *History of English Literature* (Chatto and Windus, 1906) p. 11.

and bewitching serenity of words " (i, 119), which delighted him in the *Philosophical Dialogues*. There truth and untruth merge and are inextricable ; the texture of the inner life preserves, despite its morbidity, something strangely elusive and fascinating. The desire for action, however, helped Péguy to extricate himself from this all-pervading charm. Firmly he rejected a scepticism which leads to apathy, which annihilates will-power and paralyses energy. It was utterly foreign to him, the revolting egoism of the man who one day wrote : " He who gets killed for any cause whatever is, in the most extreme sense of the word, a simpleton."[1] Such an attitude aroused Péguy's fury : " as for us, unrepentant moralists " ; he wrote, " we demand that before usurping rights one should usurp duties." (ii, 260).

Later on, contemplating the pensive, enigmatic Breton who was far more complex and, on the surface at least, far more restrained and modest than Taine, Péguy realized that it was in the same determinism, the same pride and the same presumption that Renan ends : " A humanity which has become God . . . such is the idea we found throughout Renan's work " (ii, 218). His *Avenir de la Science* was the breviary of a whole generation ; the only belief left was faith in the limitless progress of the human mind. The field of science would be extended until mankind could be " scientifically organized". This work of a young scholar reveals " the weariness of an old man". Behind astounding and impressive erudition Renan screens difficulties, entangles them and continually alters his trend of thought. " A book of shams and duplicity " notes Péguy, a book in which lurks the whole puzzling personality of the man who was soon to change from positivism to dilettantism, to the delight in contradictory impressions, to the skilful handling of ideas, to a tolerant and amused resignation before the comedy that is life.

But what remained eminently dangerous and disquieting in Renan was not so much the methods advocated as the metaphysical undercurrent to be found everywhere in his work. Even later on, under a superficial frivolity which was often transformed into a rather coarse worldliness, there were continual religious and philosophical preoccupations. The stamp of priesthood was indelibly printed on Renan's mind, and the mental attitude of the spoilt priest retains an entrancing and disconcerting fascination : " He was a man of meditation " (iii, 59). He despised his new friends, the vulgar representatives of the determinist spirit ; and he went on writing for Christians in a style understandable only by those who had been initiated in the spiritual life. It was, Péguy repeats, the duplicity of a man profoundly marked by contradictory forces : his early training, his mystical race, the shrewd calculation of an opportunist who saw all the resources of religion and who unashamedly exploited them in order to succeed : " Renan had no intention of cutting the roots which

[1] *Dialogues Philosophiques* (Calman Levy, 1925) p. 132.

were to nourish Renan's life, fame and talents." (iii, 137). His endeavour was to dominate minds and to regiment young people. In other words, he had both the politician's passion for renown and his unscrupulousness.

Renan played the demagogue and despised the people ; he proclaimed the infallibility of science and indulged in scepticism ; he gradually became " the father of the modern world ", whereas by Nature he was conservative and traditionalist. This man—in many ways shy and unobtrusive —was essentially a party man and dreamed only of becoming a party leader. He let himself be acclaimed as the " holy patron " of spoilt priests. The fundamental preoccupation of this " sly old man " was to achieve spiritual authority without shouldering the consequent responsibilities of open action. In truth, he was the initiator of the reign of the State-God, one of the most alarming corruptions of determinism.

In the doctrines of Taine and Renan, Péguy condemned the evil source of modern intellectualism and scepticism : the exaggerated love for erudition, absolute faith in human progress, individualism replaced by a collective conscience in an " organized humanity ",[1] the cult of Science and the introduction into history, literature and philosophy of pseudo-scientific methods ; the annihilation of liberty and the desire for a tyrannical domination over intellects ; the rejection of moral and religious values and the effort to transform humanity into a deity.

V

It is obvious that by these attacks Péguy already assailed the slow sclerosis from which modern thought was dying. But soon there came an onslaught more direct, more daring and infinitely more dangerous— the onslaught launched on the Sorbonne itself. One of the essential reasons which explain the change from relatively moderate denunciation to a virulent attack was that, since 1905, France had lived under the threat of a German invasion. The people were lost in pacifist dreams, the army and the navy had been weakened under the Combist regime and war material was practically inexistent.

But with an ever-increasing clarity Péguy saw that France's vulnerability in this crisis arose from the spiritual and intellectual impoverishment and deterioration brought about by the Radical Socialist Party. A drastic reform of methods and programmes was leading to the systematic and skilful ruin of the University. He knew now that " a Government could empty a State system of education of all its content of culture and freedom " (iii, 216). Following George Sorel's advice to him, he determined to strike at the head—at the Sorbonne itself.

The battle was not easy. An obscure, penniless and habitually unlucky publisher confronted university professors who had overwhelming

[1] This was to prepare the success of Durkheim's sociological doctrine.

advantages. They had influential friends to protect their interests ; they formed, between themselves, a party powerful for mutual aid ; many of them were either editors of or contributors to important reviews. For the young people they had the unequalled prestige of distributing degrees and diplomas. That in no wise dismayed Péguy, who loved difficult and dangerous combats ; for him, nothing was " preferable to an offensive enemy ". It did not matter to him that he aroused new hatreds. The Combists had already boycotted his *Cahiers* ; he foresaw that the Sorbonne would follow suit. Yet he was ever ready to face the consequences of his actions. He loved either bitter, painful victory or glorious defeat ; the important thing was that truth be proclaimed and France defended.

In this attack, which was to continue intermittently for ten years, two main phases can be distinguished : that of 1906–7 and that which began about 1911. During the first offensive Péguy published three heavy, forbiddingly titled essays :—(a) *On the Position Ascribed to History and to Sociology in the Modern World ;* (b) *On the Position Ascribed to the Intellectual Party in the Modern World ;* (c) *On the Position Ascribed to the Intellectual Party in the Modern World in Relation to the Accidents of Temporal Honours*. And, as Jean Tharaud remarked ironically, Péguy thought that he had the most happy knack of finding titles ! The humour of the story is that these were originally fragments of a thesis which Péguy had been preparing for the Sorbonne, but which he never presented. It seems to us to-day incredible that he genuinely hoped to obtain a University Degree from those professors whom he so liberally abused and that he could visualize the Sorbonne accepting a piece of work which was a most aggressive and virulent attack against the University.

New methods were gradually introduced into the Sorbonne and programmes were skilfully altered. The study of literature was reduced to a sterile research of sources and scholarly documentation ; all the qualities of taste, of discrimination and of personality characteristic of humanist culture were replaced by a false science completely dedicated to the material, the mechanical, to cold erudition. Literary criticism had developed into a dry inventory ; such a gigantic scaffolding of the historical and the circumstantial resulted in the essence of the text becoming invisible behind its monumental structure. Andler, the Professor of German, as a true disciple of Taine, " will not present Goethe without having exhausted all the literature and documentation on Goethe. He will not finish his Nietzsche before having exhausted all the literature and documentation on Nietzsche. But we shall never see Goethe or Nietzsche". (xiv, 20). The beauty and richness which had welled up from the writer's soul were forgotten—stifled by a sterile and tedious research method.

If literature had been reduced to history, history itself had become a mere boring accumulation of cold facts. Collecting her index cards

indefinitely, Clio, that strange figure to whom Péguy gives new life, feels desperately tired when faced with this gigantic task, and she moans, for she no longer believes in her methods. Of what use are all these references and notes? Such an accumulation ends in the slow petrification of reality which is so difficult to grasp. Instead of life she has merely a dead recording of facts and dates. Péguy, who penetrated so deeply into the life and soul of Joan of Arc, rejected any contact with the past which consisted solely in gliding over the surface of events; they must be seen from within if they are to be revivified. For this reason he admired Joinville. He frequently contrasted the "memorialist," whose work is a resurrection of the past, with the historian—disciple of Taine and Renan—who only achieves a cold annotation of facts, as if he had walked "through a churchyard".

Bergson, alone of living masters, taught the secret of grasping living complex reality, of apprehending things from within; whereas Taine and Renan merely advocated dry systems and erudite manipulations of facts—unable, as they were, to comprehend what lay outside the scope of card-indexes, that is, anything which has a human, social meaning, anything which has a soul. By a strange contradiction, at the very time when scientists acknowledged all the benefits their research could derive from artistic methods, from intuition and from the flexibility of literary studies, literary men themselves turned aside from these methods: "They only succeed in building, not a monument, but something external, a scaffolding of false science . . . which is the laughing-stock of genuine scientists . . . All that effort was expended to erect a science which in reality was not a science." (iv, 473–4).

Thus did Péguy relentlessly attack those methods which classify everything and so sterilize life. Science cannot be identified with humanistic culture. If progress exists in technical and scientific provinces—and this he neither denied nor condemned—it is quite a different matter in the world of pure thought, true culture and original art: "Humanity will improve on the first dirigibles, as it has improved on the first locomotives . . . But it cannot be imagined that any man, or any humanity . . . can ever intelligently boast of having improved on Plato." (viii, XI, 64). The common fallacy is to believe that, in the metaphysical and aesthetic domains, it is possible ceaselessly to build up and to accumulate a capital. For Péguy a culture, a philosophy or an art belongs to a given period and arises from certain circumstances, from the apparition of works of genius: "In general the discoveries which have marked off the stages in the progress of humanity did not consist in adding on new elements to the known world, but in penetrating the known world with a new spirit." (iii, I, 10). It is ludicrous to imagine a relation between the development of thought or art and material progress; it is inadmissible to intermingle elements of such totally different values. Descartes, Péguy asserted, did

not triumph over Plato, as inflated rubber triumphed over solid rubber. Too many intellectuals, enraptured with technical and scientific successes, failed to realize that culture belongs to another domain ; this tendency was aggravated because faith in material progress upheld their political ideas and helped them to accomplish the destruction of all moral or religious beliefs.

VI

In this new spirit of the University there was more than a genuine if excessive cult of science and rationalism. Very early Péguy saw that political ambition played an important part in the intellectual reform started by the Sorbonne. The radical socialists were " determined to install militants of their own, to create high offices for them, and to furnish them with a doctrine to propound ".[1] For this reason a course of pedagogy was created and made compulsory for candidates preparing any Degree leading to teaching. Emile Durkheim, who knew very little about the art of teaching but who was ready to expound his so-called sociological theories, was appointed to the Chair. He aimed at creating in the heart of the Sorbonne a collective materialistic mentality, diametrically opposed to the moral life of the human person. Any sort of progress has to come from society and men are reduced to purely animal and organic individualities. Péguy's indignation against that doctrine rose to a pitch of seething fury. He rejected absolutely the idea of the human being deprived of autonomy and of personal natural qualities ; he would never agree that art, ethics or even science could be dependent on an anonymous diffused collectivity. He was very soon to understand the full danger of such theories ; he was to see the swift spread of this materialistic pseudo-philosophy and the overwhelming ascendancy which it won. Having started in the University, it soon radiated throughout the French educational system. Even primary schools were infected by it, and thousands of teachers gradually became subservient to an anti-clerical government.

Péguy underlined the causes of the easy pedagogical triumph of such a poor and limited doctrine. In the first place, a latent and growing materialism, dating back to 1850, provided an excellent foundation. The whole " organization of the Intellectual Party " was there to propagate the new spirit and to assist its growth. Politics invaded the University ; new Chairs were established and a real ruling class was created within that Sorbonne which now appeared interested only in temporal domination. If there were still a good number of honest and disinterested graduates, keen on real research and on teaching, there was as well " that mob, that swarm of all those young opportunists, hardly worthy, even

[1] Daniel Halévy, *Charles Péguy et les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, p. 93.

unworthy, of the name of ambitious men, who only expected their University Degrees to give them the privilege of being the first to get into politics, even at the cost of stooping". (ii, 368). With mordant sarcasm, Péguy pounced upon those " souls of turpitude ". Because so many young intellectuals sought money, high positions and promotion, appointments were made as a result of opportune marriages, academic caballing, shady intrigues and contemptible trickeries. These young men possessed to the highest degree " the art of toadyism " and they had acquired superb " rationalist agility in handling a censer " (xiii, 154–5). Baseness appeared to be their motto. One who desired to succeed knew which approaches to make, " which promises to keep, which promises to break . . . which treacheries to commit " (iii, 272). A life which should be devoted to culture or to an unselfish profession began with all possible disgraces.

In 1910 Péguy repeated the same accusations, he asserted that there was not a single appointment made on the University Staff without the candidate's " having professed allegiance to those gentlemen, without his having given guarantees . . . signing the surrender both of his thought and of his freedom of thought " (iv, 475). Intellectual ambition had become political ambition; history and philosophy represented merely careers. The State, anxious above all " to find jobs for its creatures ", put the finishing touch to this " simony ". While it systematically eliminated or relegated to subordinate posts " all who are socially weak, all who are poverty-stricken, all who are cultured, all who are free " (iii, 227), it carefully recruited all who were ready to work at the undermining of old values and at establishing the new materialistic dogma of the so-called democrats. Strong and original personalities were bound to find themselves in a perilous position. Anyone, whether on the University Staff or a secondary teacher, who would try to cast aside the yoke or even to shake his head a little in mild protest, would be a suicidal maniac. The ideal combination was a low servility united to a complete lack of intellectual integrity; for the resultant want of vitality and of mental honesty made the task of " governing " mere child's play for the State. As soon as its docile, self-effacing " creatures " were well in hand, what it had left to do was simplicity itself. Alterations of programmes, new text-books and orders given to the Staff completed the triumph of the radical-socialist reign over minds.

VII

But the " Intellectual Party " went further. In their efforts to suppress religion the rationalists and anticlericals invented a metaphysical system based on science and progress, in order that they might the better eliminate Christianity. That new belief was one of the most crude and

most barbaric of all metaphysics, the most diametrically opposed to any of the great philosophies which brought truth and richness of thought to humanity. A regime, in appearance liberal, camouflaged dictatorship. Dogmas and a lay catechism were invented, so that minds and consciences might be the more successfully moulded and that the way to electoral successes might be made more simple. The only truth to be believed was the truth preached by the State. They had boasted of having " with a magnificent gesture . . . extinguished in the sky the lights which will never more be relighted " (iii, 153). But man continued to seek to penetrate the cloud veil and to discover there " celestial chimaera " ; to his pain-filled gaze in place of God was offered the god-state.

Moved by that love for freedom of thought which was to animate him all his life and—although he did not yet admit it—by the deeply-felt attraction of a Christianity enriched by so much beauty and spiritual vitality, Péguy rebelled against this crude intellectual domination. The very men who denied the spiritual coveted spiritual authority, and atheism had become a theology. In a tone not entirely devoid of pomposity, he issued this heavy condemnation : " I accuse . . . the modern intellectual party of having State metaphysics and of wishing to establish, by means of temporal governmental force, a temporal spiritual intellectual domination, contrary to the principle both of the Republic and the Revolution, infinitely contrary to the principle of freedom without which all is useless " (viii, XI, 87). The young candidate, seeking a post, had to offer up " his prayers to sociology " ; and Péguy added : " let us call it by its name : it is a lay Church, a radical Church, which was founded among us, which rules us " (vi, 475).

The new " religion " very soon penetrated the entire educational system : secondary schools, but more especially primary schools, executed the " orders " of the State doctrine. Teachers had been " submerged by republican catechisms, by secular breviaries " (ii, 104). For instance, history was altered as if the world had begun in 1789. All the glory and tradition of the past were to be depreciated : " Our masters at the primary school ", wrote Péguy in 1910, " had concealed from us the mysticism of old France, the mysticism of the old regime ; they had concealed from us ten centuries of old France " (vi, 62). The domination of the State was complete and it extended to the most remote little French village. Thus were whole generations of children educated—thousands of children who, in all probability, would receive no instruction apart from this anticlerical and materialistic formation. Péguy was distressed and horrified by the realization of the ease with which the mind and the soul of a whole nation, of a fine race, could be corrupted and poisoned.

It was for this reason that he continued the fight intermittently until his death. The attack however had a new vigour from 1911 to 1913. In this second offensive—far more virulent and sometimes unjust—

individuals were to be openly under fire. This time Péguy allowed his fury to rage unabated ; he hit about him and hurled forth the most scathing sneers and insults. This virulence owes something to the Sorbonne's successful efforts to have cancelled the Academy's offer of a literary prize which Péguy would probably have won. Fundamentally, however, it was motivated by what he considered the dangerously anti-national, pacifist attitude of the University. He felt not only France's culture but her very being menaced ; his resentment was unquenchable.

Péguy fought the battle of nobility against turpitude, of honour against disgrace, of the spiritual against the basely material. It was a costly battle. As the fight went on, Péguy, because of his complete contempt for caution, sank deeper and deeper into inextricable difficulties, into " the purity of poverty " and into an ever-increasing solitude. And the battle was waged by a heart-sick man. The bitterness of his assaults, the fulminating invectives and vociferations concealed ill the deep wounds of his soul. However abusive he was against " personalities ", his rancour seethed only on the surface, to be speedily replaced by a disinterested, generous wrath which surged up from his innermost depths. Again, in this, did he resemble Joan of Arc who also experienced " those great pure fits of anger which made a whole army tremble " (xiii, 114). Seeing hypocrisy, servility and opportunism, beholding the deterioration of culture, the debasement of moral and spiritual values, and the slow death of civilization, Péguy was tortured by a metaphysical sadness. All was degenerating, and he knew that certain losses were irretrievable.

In the course of his long war against the Intellectual Party his anguish was singularly aggravated both in depth and intensity. Earlier he had considered the destruction of civilisation only on the social and cultural planes ; but, after his return to Catholicism, the struggle was carried over on to the metaphysical plane. He realized then that new and infinitely precious spiritual treasures were threatened, and their salvation had become a far more complex, a far more essential problem. For this reason the struggle assumed an absolute dignity and grandeur. " Assailed on every side," he wrote in 1911, " . . . isolated in their world, ceaselessly buffeted by storms and seas, our loyalties are still standing, unshaken, unbreached, unaffected . . . *Miles Christi,* any Christian to-day is a soldier . . . our loyalties are citadels . . . We no longer go fighting among the infidels. It is the infidels, and still more the infidelities, which have brought the struggle right here . . . Our homes are fortresses *in periculo maris,* in peril of the sea. The holy war is everywhere at once " (xiii, 102–5).

Last January the Sorbonne, forgetting these caustic attacks, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the *Cahiers* and paid solemn tribute to him who, in September 1914, had died for France. Justice at last is satisfied : Péguy has crossed the narrow street separating his poor *boutique* from the huge grey building opposite.

Y. Servais

MODERN ARMS AND IRISH FREEDOM

BY REV. P. J. MACLAUGHLIN, D.SC.

THE framework within which American strategy is now being planned is of interest to us because of Ireland's geographical position as the outpost of Europe and because, with the drift or evolution of the world towards a world State, modern arms can easily become a threat to our independence. An authoritative picture of the American background and of the most recent developments in war weapons is given in *Modern Arms and Free Men*[1]. The author, Dr. Vannevar Bush, became Chairman of the U.S. Committee of National Defence Research in 1940, and the same year he was appointed director of atom bomb research. In the ensuing decade, no man living has had more experience of applying science to warfare or of the difficulties met with in trying to persuade soldiers, men of science, and politicians to work together in harmony and with respect for democratic principles.

I

The greater part of *Modern Arms and Free Men* deals in a popular and very interesting way with the weapons of total war, and the last portion of the book discusses the rôle of science in preserving democracy. Let us take the last first. This is the least valuable part and is scarcely worth reading. The philosophy is shallow and the logic weak. The thesis that democracies will always be in advance of totalitarian States and prevail in a harsh contest, because scientists enjoy the atmosphere of freedom which fosters technical progress, is supported by arguments that any Socialist planner can readily knock down. The author has a noble faith in democracy as the perfect form of State, and it does not cross his mind that if America is to survive ultimately, she will scarcely do so through an essentially materialistic outlook and a pathetic belief that free uncontrolled science can do all things. A deeper philosophy is needed.

While Dr. Bush's book is unconvincing in its political thesis and, from a literary point of view, is not a masterpiece, it is all the same one of the most important books to appear since the War. It gives more news and more reliable views about the present state of armaments than all the world's newspapers have done in the past five years. It corrects the false ideas of a future war which exist in millions of minds. In particular it reduces the atomic danger to its proper size. While it does not answer fully the question of greatest moment to small nations, what is the impact of science on defensive warfare, it goes a long way to providing the material on which the answer is likely to be based.

[1] *Modern Arms and Free Men.* By Vannevar Bush. Heinemann. 1950. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Bush shows very well that defence is again in the ascendant in the case of land and air attacks, and many of his remarks are crumbs of comfort to small nations. In his opinion, airborne assault is an auxiliary and not an absolute form of warfare. Air assault alone might work, if an armed nation were to attack a nation which was unarmed in the modern sense, but in that case it would scarcely be needed. " An airborne assault attempting to penetrate a line adequately protected by radar and possessing fast interceptor planes equipped with radar for night use would be a suicide attempt." Jet planes appear to have made mass bombing at modern altitudes, against a prepared and alert enemy, obsolete. " Anti-aircraft artillery, radar-controlled and unjammed, with advanced types of computors and proximity-fused shells, can stop any fleet of bombers that fly over it within its range." With radar-controlled guns, electronic computors and proximity fuses, the British mastered what would seem to be at first study an invincible weapon, the buzz bomb.

Mass bombing is a subject of first importance to small nations, and one can add to Dr. Bush's conclusions the British and German evidence. The British experience of mass bombing in the late war tallied with that of the Germans. Both reached the conclusion that mass bombing was wasteful on civilian targets, and bomb guides were not accurate enough to distinguish military targets in built-up areas. From the point of view of the attacked, the chief problem was not that anticipated of having to care for the injured and dispose of the dead but of providing for those made homeless. Houses and house-building became more serious items than hospitals and hospital-building. Perhaps there is a lesson here for us.

Ascendancy in defence is being achieved chiefly through radar and one of its applications, the proximity fuse. Dr. Bush gives strong arguments to show that the master weapon of the coming decade will be the guided missile furnished with a proximity fuse. As already mentioned, the proximity fuse was used in the last war to master the buzz bomb, but it did not guide the shell, it merely blew it up the instant the shell could do the most damage. The new fuse will also guide the missile. The fuse increased the power of artillery ten-fold. It is an extraordinary device. It consists in a wireless set of small size that will stand up to being fired out of a gun under a pressure of about a ton to the square inch and still operate so delicately as to detect a plane in its neighbourhood by radio reflection. It multiplies the effectiveness of anti-aircraft batteries considerably, and for that reason is of interest to small nations as well as to defence generally. It is a striking instance of the high development that has been reached by mass-production methods.

While the defence in land-war and air-war and in war on sea is now regaining superiority over offence, the same does not appear to be true of war under the sea. The new and improved submarine would seem to constitute the most serious threat to Western democracies. Radar is

no good for detecting objects under water, and the sonar which replaces it in such a medium is very limited in range. The modern submarine is very hard to cope with. For a food-exporting country like Ireland, the submarine cannot be as great a menace as for a food-importer like Britain. Its menace to a coastal city, say Dublin, arises from the difficulty of preventing a submarine from planting an atom bomb in deep water not far from the coast so that the bomb on exploding could spray the city with radioactive poison. However with the present high cost of atom bombs, it is unlikely that Dublin would be a worth-while target.

II

The topic of widest interest alike to small and large nations, which receives much space in *Modern Arms and Free Men*, is mass-production and mechanisation. Mass-production arose through the development of a high degree of precision in manufacture and the consequent ability to produce articles in vast numbers, each article identical and interchangeable with its fellows. The method resulted in a considerable lowering of the cost of an individual article. The application of the methods of mass-production to the internal combustion engine made mechanised warfare possible and changed utterly the nature of the world. Dr. Bush gives a clear picture of this feature of our time, and with many illustrations he shows how the new combination of science, engineering, industry and organisation has created a framework which, in addition to other far-reaching effects, has made traditional military practice obsolete. This is a notable chapter in modern history since it relates how science and its applications have completely altered many of man's activities, notably his mode of making war.

The new era in warfare began with World War I. Consider, as an illustration of the above remarks, the mass-produced machine-gun. The first World War became a deadlock because entrenched men armed with machine-guns and protected by barbed wire could not be dislodged easily, and so battle-lines bogged down in Flanders mud. The manufacture of machine-guns and barbed wire in quantity became important, and for the first time in history the factory behind the lines became a prime factor in warfare. Consider also the mass-produced petrol engine. It packs great power in small space and weight. Making controlled flying possible, it too assisted defence more than offence, and with defence superior it looked as if all wars after World War I would be in the nature of sieges with control of raw materials the deciding element. War had become a new thing, involving all the efforts of a nation, with industrialists, scientists, and engineers as important as soldiers.

World War I saw sown the seeds of a revolution in sea warfare, apart from the effective submarine. The computing device that aimed the great

guns of the battleship automatically allowed for the speed and course of ship and target ; it took into account the rotation of the earth, the effects of gravity and air pressure. It aimed guns more rapidly and more accurately than highly skilled men could, especially under stress of battle. Here was a new idea, to assign to a machine calculations and judgments formerly done by men, because the machine was faster and better. There was also the idea of dependable intricate devices, consisting in a maze of mechanical and electrical parts, reliable though so complex because of standardised mass-production.

Wireless also began to flourish in this first war, which saw the start of the extraordinary ramifications we now call electronics. Electronics is the branch of electrical science which includes radio for communications, television and radar, photo-electric cells that replace the human eye, and relays for ordering the sequence of events in electric circuits. Such circuits could be made to carry out intricate calculations or a series of reactions. They could be combined with gears and levers. They could respond to light, sound, or wireless waves, and move levers, steer vehicles, or fire explosives. They could do things a man could not do, and they could go where no man could be sent. They did not become confused in the heat of battle, and they were relatively cheap when produced in great numbers by the methods of the interchangeable part and the assembly-line.

III

Not unnaturally, Dr. Bush is pre-occupied in his book with thoughts of a Russo-American conflict, and he has little or nothing to say directly about the power of small nations to defend themselves against aggression. (He quietly assumes that defence in such a case is impossible. He overlooks that Britain was in the condition of a small nation after the Fall of France and the evacuation from Dunkerque. It is history that she defended herself successfully with the aid of applied science and a handful of fliers). Yet, *Modern Arms and Free Men* contains useful lessons for us. Implicitly, it warns small nations like ours that they must be alert and familiar with mechanisation and mass-production methods and with modern tendencies in science and technology, if they are to survive and preserve their freedom, and continue to contribute their distinctive and valuable qualities to the world. In particular, it would seem that we should interest ourselves in the motor and radio industries, and promote their growth as peace-time industries with a high potential for war, because of the probable importance of the internal combustion engine and electronics in future wars—especially from the point of view of the defence.

In this era of exuberant and rapid expansion, it would seem that all nations, both great and small, have to be ready to scrap weapons and techniques as they are outmoded and replace them as improvements

occur. This constant development of new things raises the problem of how to find the correct balance between first-line defence and research in an age when weapons five years old are obsolete. It becomes necessary to achieve a nice relationship between science, engineering, industry, the Government, and the military in the planning of defence and the use of the country's resources. War is now " too serious to be left to the Generals". It would be dangerous to leave entirely in military hands decisions on the use of new weapons resulting from scientific trends which soldiers as such cannot be expected to understand. A new kind of economist is becoming necessary as a member of the defence team, some one who can reveal when there is grave danger of devoting too much of the people's energies and money to a research or task which will damage the nation more than the enemy. An exhausting consumption of materials, men and time in developing the hydrogen bomb might be a case in point. Here we approach deep water.

Should we conclude from the evidence presented by Dr. Bush that it has become necessary for Ireland to concentrate on applying science in a big way to national defence? Scarcely. A small and relatively poor nation like ours cannot possibly set up a mechanised army with full complement of radar stations and jet fighters, strong enough to cope with serious attacks from big nations. To-day it costs fifty millions sterling to equip a single British or American armoured division, and a further five million pounds a year to maintain it. We cannot afford much expenditure at that rate. We must continue to rely on God's right hand and on a small hardy resolute intelligent highly-mobile mechanised defence unit, backed by radar and jets. Only in this way can easy conquests be discouraged and hit-and-run bullies be frightened off.

Modern Arms and Free Men provokes the uneasy feeling that we Irishmen have dangerously neglected applying science to the preservation of national existence. Our population does not increase in the normal and healthy way, to some extent because we neglect science. Our food production could certainly be improved by the use of science, and an increase in the production of food would help to improve our vital statistics—which, alas, are discouraging. This generation has seen science losing ground in our primary and secondary schools, and it is well known that our universities are finding it hard to get research students. Non-Irish accents predominate in the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. Our technical schools are in an elementary state of development. The material resources of the country are far from being adequately employed, in spite of fine work being done in developing hydro-electricity and a few other commodities. Finally, it is generally recognised that our agricultural production compares unfavourably with that of other countries, largely because we make little use of applied science.

P. J. MacLaughlin

DOROTHY DAY: AN INTERVIEW

BY EDMOND KENT, S.J.

IT WAS Father Philip Carey, S.J. who suggested to me that I ought to visit Dorothy Day and *The Catholic Worker*. I was staying in St. Francis Xavier's Presbytery in West 16th Street, New York, and was trying to meet as many people in the Labour Education Movement as possible during my short stay there. I had already met Fr. William Smith, S.J. and Fr. Philip Dobson, S.J. who are in charge of 'Labour Schools' in Brooklyn and Jersey City respectively; I had travelled down town to Lafayette Street to spend a morning with George Donohue and John Cort discussing the educational programme and methods of the 'Association of Catholic Trade Unionists'; I had pursued Fr. John Monaghan to his wonderful little parish, run on co-operative lines, at Douglas Hills, Staten Island, and from his lips I heard the story of the Catholic effort in the field of adult education in New York and enjoyed his generous hospitality. A few days previously, I had taken the subway over to Brooklyn and had heard the story of the 'Social Action Department' of the Brooklyn Diocese from its Director Fr. William Kelly and his two Assistants Fr. Joseph Hammond and Fr. Joseph Buckley. I spent a morning with Miss Eleanor Coit, who is a pioneer in Labour Education, and heard from her the story of its early beginnings and of her work in the 'American Labor Education Service'. I had attended Labour night schools in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Jersey City, and was beginning to think that I had seen almost everything worth seeing in this field in New York when Fr. Carey told me I must visit Dorothy Day before I left for Philadelphia—for, in very truth, "I was off to Philadelphia in the morning."

I

Looking back on it, I cannot say that I received Fr. Carey's suggestion with any great enthusiasm; and before he had time to make me want to go, as he was wont to do so charmingly, he was called away on business. It was only after lunch, when I had made all my preparations for my journey to Philadelphia (where I was to visit the 'Industrial Relations Institute' which is under the direction of another Irish-American priest, Fr. Denis Comey, S.J.), that I finally made up my mind to visit Dorothy Day. But as will presently appear, it was the monthly newspaper *The Catholic Worker* which was uppermost in my mind; I had yet to learn the story behind that little paper and meet the heroic woman who was its co-founder with Peter Maurin and who remains to-day, after Peter's death, its inspiration and its source of strength. *The Catholic Worker* is quite unlike most other newspapers, for it carries the message of a woman

to the farthest corners of the earth ; and that message is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the application of His teachings and ideals to a people who have wandered far off the narrow path of the Beatitudes and who pay little heed to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Catholic Worker carries the voice of a woman consumed with the love of God and of His Son Jesus Christ to a people who no longer love, to a people who, literally, sit in the shadow of death ; a gentle, yet earnest voice, pleading with employers and workers, with Churchmen and Statesmen to return to the practical acceptance in daily life of ' the new commandment ' : " I give you a new commandment, that you love one another ; that, just as I have loved you, you also love one another. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." Hers is the voice of St. John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. And not only is she a voice crying in the wilderness, crying to men and women to make straight the paths of justice and charity in social life by returning to the teachings of Christ, but like the Baptist she leads an austere life, avoids the haunts of the multitude, though living in their midst. Her message, like his, is universal ; it is addressed to rich and poor alike, to employer and employee, to priest and ruler and people. As they flocked to hear John, so, too, do men of every class and condition come to visit her and hear her message. Like the Baptist, she makes no claim to have any other message than that men return to the straight ways of Justice and Charity, ways written in men's hearts by their Creator to guide them in their individual and social lives. In this Holy Year—the Year of the Great Return and the Great Pardon—it may be of interest to wend our way through that labyrinth which is little Old New York and meet this remarkable woman and hear for ourselves what she has been teaching men for many years.

It was a grey March afternoon when I walked down the tall steps from the door of St. Francis Xavier's on West 16th Street and headed east across Fifth Avenue and Broadway through Union Square, the scene of Dorothy's earlier labours with socialists and communists and the *point du départ* on her journey to Rome, as told in her *From Union Square to Rome* (1939). I walked through the little park, where a crowd of unemployed men were gathered for a meeting, into the I.R.T. Subway station at the far corner of the Square. Only one who has experienced the turmoil and complexity of underground New York can understand my earlier trepidations when descending into these crowded caverns which the genius and sweat of men have hollowed out beneath the rocky island of Manhattan. But this particular station—Union Square and Fourteenth Street—was by now familiar to me, and soon I was speeding south on my way to Spring Street. When I emerged into the cold, chill air at the junction of Lafayette Street and Spring Street, I headed east and finally came to Mott Street.

Here I was back in the old Dublin slums at their worst. By the numbers

on the dingy shops I knew that I would have to walk several blocks before reaching number 115. I began to feel a little uneasy as I turned south along Mott Street. Passers-by began to stare at me. Perhaps they resented the presence of a well-dressed cleric; though, if the truth were known, my overcoat was purchased several years before the Second World War. Yet it looked good—was, in fact, far too good for Mott Street. I quickened my steps past rooming houses with their horrible, though apparently necessary, iron fire-escape ladders, past large bonfires blazing in the gutters at intervals to keep street vendors warm at their rickety stalls. These, men for the most part, were selling fruits and vegetables and, in some instances, fish which I saw them wrapping up in old newspapers as is the custom among their brethren in Dublin. Unlike any similar street in Dublin, however, few of the inhabitants of Mott Street paid the customary reverence to the priesthood. One old man leaning against a doorpost saluted me gravely—an act of faith in Christ's priesthood. Two little Italian girls passed me and said: "Hello, Father"; but they had no smile for me either. There was no '*céad míle fáilte*' for me on Mott Street that afternoon. I was still uneasy when I reached Kenmare Street, and it was with a sigh of relief that I sighted a policeman; but he gave me no solace as he was hurrying along in the opposite direction. I crossed, in turn, Broome Street and Grand Street and, with a feeling of relief, found myself outside the offices of *The Catholic Worker*.

II

A statue of St. Joseph looked out at me through the window of what had formerly been a huxter's shop. I stopped for a moment, and through the window I could see a long narrow room with two tables on either side at which men and women were seated and apparently working. As I pushed open the little door, the buzz of conversation stopped suddenly, in a furtive kind of way reminiscent of schoolboys' reaction to the entrance of the Master on a Monday morning. I stood in that little doorway uncertain as to what to do next. Fortunately I did the right thing, I smiled at the silent questioning faces turned in my direction. Reassured that my intentions were friendly, they turned back to their work and the buzz of conversation began again. At that moment, I was seized with a wild desire to make a hasty exit as if I had come to the wrong place. I held my ground however. No one spoke to me, as I shut the door and turned to the man nearest me. He had a dried, parchment-like face. I spoke to him mechanically and asked to see someone about *The Catholic Worker*. Dorothy Day was the last person in the world of whom I was thinking. I noticed what he and the others were doing; they were pasting addressed labels on the April issue of the paper in preparation for mailing. My friend half rose and shouted one word 'Tom,' and then without a word pointed to a young man busy tying bundles of the paper at the far end of the room.

I passed up along the length of that room smiling, albeit a rather forced smile as I was feeling far from being at home. Quite obviously, not many strange priests had walked that room before. I got a few bows from lady-workers and a few tired smiles ; but I and they were ill at ease. I introduced myself as " a Jesuit priest from Ireland". Tom shook me by the hand and remarked drily : " We know two Jesuits." Catching the point of the remark, I replied smilingly : " Well, now you know three." After that all the barriers which my uneasiness had built up fell like a house of cards. I was introduced all round ; and standing there in the little back-room, the story of their work, their ideals and their way of life was unfolded before me. It was some considerable time before Tom mentioned the name of Dorothy Day, and it was only then that I realized that it was she whom I had come to see.

I was still standing in that tiny back room with its little table piled high with labelled copies of *The Catholic Worker*, when a rather tall, middle-aged woman entered through a side door. Her face was long and austere ; her hair, silver-grey, lay flat and smooth on her head. Her clothes were neat, though shabby. Her manner brusque. She glanced at me and then looked inquiringly at Tom. He told her who I was, and she kept looking at him and listening attentively to his account of me. When Tom had ended, she appeared satisfied and asked me to sit down. I don't remember that she gave me her hand. She waved me into the one and only kitchen chair that was in the room. I suggested that she should take it. She apparently did not hear me, for she presently sat on the only part of the table that was not littered with newspaper bundles, whence she turned to face me with a look which seemed to me to say : " I am a very busy woman ; what can I do for you ?" I sat down on the solitary chair by the wall feeling like a small boy awaiting a lecture from his mother ; for there was something motherly about her despite her frigid, business-like attitude. Indeed, for a moment I thought it unfriendly and was once more a little sorry that I had come to Mott Street at all. The old uneasiness returned, and I talked and asked questions more from a desire to keep the conversation rolling than from interest. We talked about *The Catholic Worker*, about the Houses of Hospitality. At one point, I ventured a mild criticism about the apparent lack of organization of the work, the inadequateness of premises and capital, the impermanence of the staff.

It was fortunate that I was so rash, for it proved to be a leading question. Dorothy Day readily admitted that all I said was quite true, but was equally adamant and certain that the success of her movement was not bound up with well-equipped offices, large staffs of highly trained clerks, advertising campaigns. These were the instruments which the world used to further its interests. Christ had chosen other ways, other means to teach men : poverty, simplicity, humility, charity, prayer, penance. That was His way ; she thought it would be His way were He to walk once

more among men. There was too much organization, too much regimentation in Church and State. She believed in teaching by example, in winning men to the love of God by loving men for God's sake. No, men did not need new organizations or better organization ; they needed a new spirit, a new outlook, a new leaven acting in their midst—a leaven which would not only be in the world but, in a sense, of the world. There must be groups among the laity who would imitate literally the example of the Master, embracing lives of actual poverty, selflessness, humility and love of the neighbour, though bound by no vows or rule, serving Christ from their hearts. ' Had I read *Applied Christianity* by Father John Hugo ?' ' No.' Well I must read it if I would understand the ideals which inspired her work. She handed me two books both written by Fr. Hugo : *Applied Christianity* and *Nature and the Supernatural—a Defence of the Evangelical Ideal.*

As I was to learn later, there was some controversy about the first of these books which, though it carried the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman of New York, has been criticised as being somewhat tainted with Jansenism. When I read the book, I saw immediately why it appealed so much to Dorothy Day. It is uncompromising in the demands it makes on the Catholic laity. Christian perfection is as much a duty for them as it is for priests and religious, whose office and vows merely heighten an obligation which Christ imposed on all His followers. Christians cannot remain content to live their lives according to the dictates of their human nature ; rather they must strive, at all times, to live according to the new life they received through the waters of Baptism. " For I tell you that, unless your Justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Fr. Hugo's comment on those words of Christ is this : " The Scribes and the Pharisees were not evil men, at least in the sense that they violated the precepts of natural morality. They scrupulously taught, and presumably observed, the commandments of the Law. But their righteousness was too natural ; it was not the supernatural sanctity enjoined by the great commandment, the one commandment which they neglected." All christians—priests, religious, laity—since they are Christ's, ' other Christs,' must live as He lived, imitating His poverty, His humility, His meekness, loving all with that same love with which He first loved men, enduring all things, hoping all things, overcoming all things, despising all things, so that they may place their whole love in Him, the Creator and Restorer of all. The only activity proper to a Christian is that which is enlivened by faith and worketh by charity.

Writing as he does in the midst of a pleasure-loving world, Fr. Hugo has some very uncompromising things to say about mortification and penance, about the Folly of the Cross, about the duty of helping the poor and downtrodden. And, unless I am mistaken, it is this uncompromising

attitude of his, this emphasis on austerity in the teaching of Christ, this refusal to water down the Gospel to suit a people softened by a philosophy of pleasure, that won the whole-hearted approval of Dorothy Day, a woman who sacrificed her all that she might live, hidden in Christ, with God and for God. In my short interview with her, I became fully aware of her divine stubbornness with regard to the world. She will have no truck with it; for she sees in it, as Christ saw in it, the great enemy of God and Man. No doubt, there are other sides to her character; but in the half-hour that I was privileged to spend with her it was her complete rejection of the world, its principles, its spirit, its love of riches and pleasures, its naturalism, its treatment of men made in the image of God, that impressed itself on my mind. To understand her more fully I had to look behind the veil which her own hand had raised and peer into her heart and soul and there learn, in lines which caused her so much anguish to write, the full story of how a fellow traveller of Karl Marx became a devoted companion and ardent champion of Jesus Christ. As already stated, this story is told in her *From Union Square to Rome.*

III

Dorothy Day was born in New York in 1898. Shortly afterwards the family moved to San Francisco. It was the era before the radio and the cinema, combined with other more fundamental causes, had reduced family life to a minimum. She had a sheltered and disciplined childhood with her brothers and sister. But religion played no part in that family life. Her parents did not go to Church, and neither she nor any of the other children were baptized. Her first knowledge of God came by a chance reading of an old Bible, and her first knowledge of the Catholic Church came when she surprised an Irish Catholic, the mother of seven children, praying in her bedroom in a Chicago slum whither the family had moved after the great fire and earthquake that rent San Francisco in 1906. That vision of Mrs. Barrett praying alone, while her children were playing on the nearby streets, has been with Dorothy Day all her life. Another early Catholic influence was Mary Harrington, the eldest of nine children. In those days Mary, aged twelve, used to regale eight-year-old Dorothy with simple stories of the lives of the saints while both of them, tired after a long day doing household chores, lay on the floor of the porch of a Chicago tenement and gazed up at the sky, the only one of God's works which could meet and rejoice their tired eyes. Her childhood was the happy normal existence common to most children. Whatever unhappiness there was in her early life came, as she herself tells it, from within herself. For, though not always conscious of it, she was fleeing from One who really loved her, from One who alone could make her truly happy. But the Hound of Heaven was in full pursuit: He had looked on her and loved her; He would overtake her and make her His own.

At the age of twelve Dorothy Day was baptized by an Episcopalian Minister and was confirmed on the same day. But these events brought no great comfort or peace to her young soul. She had for some years hankered after the hard life. Besides attending school where she studied Latin, Greek, History and English, more and more of the housework began to devolve on her as her mother's health, never robust, began to decline. She became a great reader and among her favourites were Wesley, the New Testament and the *Imitation of Christ* from which she received much comfort and strength of soul. Before she was sixteen years of age she had become class-conscious. The family had come down in the world, and the evidence around her of the inequalities of wealth made her yearn to convince men of the injustices of a system which appeared to take slums for granted. Her reading, too, fanned the flame of class hatred. By sixteen she had read herself out of the Episcopalian Church and in that year, with the aid of a three-hundred dollar scholarship, she entered the University of Illinois. Here other religious influences among her companions made her reject all religion as being incompatible with her growing desire to be a social reformer. She felt religion would only impede her future work, so she hardened her heart. It was her first conscious rejection of God, of whose existence she had always hitherto been quite certain. Indeed that certainty never left her. In these wilful days, when the first flush of freedom made her heart light and gave her courage to supplement her scholarship by working at odd jobs between classes and late into the nights, it was not the true God whom she turned her back on, but rather the caricature of Him as presented by those who pray to God on Sunday and prey on their neighbours for the rest of the week. Her revolt was not against God, but against that John Smith who puts on his hat and goes to Church on Sunday, and that John Smith who goes to hell for what he does on Monday.

It was at the University of Illinois that her interest in social reform received a new stimulus from her wide reading. It included Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Dostoievsky, Kropotkin, Tolstoi, Gorki and many others. Under their guidance her early sympathies for the working-class gave way to a passionate love of the masses and a morbid pity for those who lived in slums. In June 1916, she left the University for good and went with the family to New York, where she got work on the *New York Call*, a Socialist paper. Shortly afterwards she left the family and rented a room in a house in Cherry Street occupied by a Jewish family from whom she received many kindnesses. Back among her ' own people ' she recovered from a long period of depression and enjoyed her first winter in the slums and since then she has never lived for long in any other place. During this period her allegiance wavered between Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism. Her work in the *Call* kept her a Socialist ; when she read Tolstoi, she was an Anarchist, while her Americanism inclined her to Syndicalism.

But her life as a journalist was too busy and distracting to allow her time or opportunity to clarify her views. Moreover, the very nature of her work made her a partisan : she reported events not as she saw them, but as her editor desired them. This distortion of the truth depressed her, as likewise did the practice of writing up the darker and more sordid side of life while ignoring the bravery and courage which enabled so many tenement dwellers to find joy and peace in the depths of their poverty and misery.

The United States entered the First World War in 1917, and Dorothy Day sided with the Socialists in opposing the War. For a time she was secretary of the Anti-Conscription League ; worked with the League for the Defence of Political Prisoners ; marched on the White House in the ranks of the Suffragists ; and ended up in a prison cell, whence she was released after sixteen days. A period of uncertainty followed, until one night she heard Eugene O'Neill reading Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* and, though she did her best to hide it, she was again ' tormented by God'. It was in that bitter winter of 1917 that she began to go to early Mass at St. Joseph's Church on Sixth Avenue. And kneeling there in one of the back benches of this old New York Catholic Church—the third oldest of those which still survive—she prayed the prayer of the Publican : " O God be merciful to me a sinner." But she had not yet reached the end of her path to Rome.

As the war dragged on and as the tales of the carnage and suffering of American boys on the battle-fields of France reached her ears, her womanly heart suffered and, though still fiercely pacifist, she took up nursing early in January 1918. She loved this work because it was hard, and it was made happier for her because of the companionship of another probationer, a Catholic whose faith was of the solid type that led her to rise at 4.30 a.m. on Sundays in order not to miss her Sunday Mass at 5.0 a.m. And Miss Adams during those nine months was never without a companion at early Mass. The pursuit was still on—the pursuit of " those strong feet that followed, followed after ".

> But with unhurrying chase
> And unperturbéd pace,
> Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> They beat—and a Voice beat
> More instant than the feet :
> ' All things betray thee, who betrayest Me'.

Feeling that her real vocation lay in writing and in propaganda, Dorothy Day gave up nursing shortly after Armistice Day and, during 1919 and 1920, largely devoted herself to writing and newspaper work. After a year in Europe, where she mixed with liberals rather than with radicals, she returned to America and there, once again, she found herself caught up with the activities of the Syndicalists in Chicago, where she spent some weeks in prison on a false charge. Later she and her sister went to New

Orleans, where they lived in an apartment opposite the Cathedral. Soon she found herself going to Benediction and evening devotions. A Russian Jewess, who was later the secretary of the Communist affiliate, the League for Spanish Democracy, gave her a Christmas present of a rosary beads, and from then on she said the rosary each evening at the Cathedral. It was while she was living in the South that she received five thousand dollars for the film rights of a book she had written, and this unexpected good fortune caused her to succumb to the temptation to which many of her radical friends had already succumbed. She bought a tiny bungalow on a plot of ground overlooking Raritan Bay on Staten Island, New York, and settled down to a writer's life in that rural retreat.

It was while living in this rural retreat that Dorothy Day was married at a Registry Office, an event which first brought her much peace and joy, but which was in the end to prove a source of exquisite anguish. As her husband worked in the city across the Bay and often only came home for week-ends, she had plenty of opportunity to meditate on the beauty that was all about her and on the mystery that is life. She found life strangely empty and longed for a child. In October 1925 she knew her baby was on the way, and her thoughts once more turned to God, and she began to pray every day and go to Mass on Sundays. Her prayer was the prayer of gratitude ; she prayed because she was happy and wished to thank God for His goodness to her. She read the *Imitation of Christ* a great deal. The pursuit was almost over ; Love was about to triumph, but the price she was to pay for the gift of Faith was to be a great one.

In March 1926 her child was born in Manhattan, and she had made up her mind that her little girl would be baptized a Catholic and be saved from the years of doubt and uncertainty which had been her own lot. But her husband, who was an anarchist, would not hear of it ; he would have nothing to do with her or the child if they became Catholics. So the decision was postponed. April found her once again at Raritan Bay. There with the beauty of God's creation all about her and her little daughter to console her, she made her decision. The baby was baptized in June and she put herself under instruction, though she found more light and strength from her reading of the works of St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Augustine and the Bible than she did from the catechism lessons given her three times a week by Sister Aloysia of the local Sisters of Charity. As the summer days passed by, the struggle continued. Love human wrestled with Love divine ; once she surrendered to Her Divine Lover, she would be alone in this world with her child, and she did not want to be alone. She did not want to give up human love when it was dearest and tenderest. The love which the father lavished on their little child made it all the harder for her to strike the cruel blow which would separate them for all time. And so, on the advice of a priest, she waited a whole year, hoping and praying that her husband might change his decision.

He remained obdurate. In December 1927, without any feelings of exultation or of joy, indeed with doubts at what to her seemed to be unseemly haste, she made her submission to the pursuer—to the Hound of Heaven.

> Halts by me that footfall:
> Is my gloom, after all,
> Shade of His hand outstretched caressingly?
> "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
> I am He Whom thou seekest!
> Thou dravest love from thee who dravest Me."

IV

The veil falls again, and I found myself no longer asking aimless questions, but listening eagerly to the ideals which have guided her and sustained her since she turned her back and walked no more with Karl Marx. She still believes in revolution, but not in the bloody revolution which the Marxian dialectic teaches is the duty of workers to prepare for and to foster. She believes in a christian revolution without the use of force, based on the example and teachings of Jesus Christ; a revolution which recognizes the existence of a Personal God who exerts a fatherly providence over men; a revolution which recognizes the rights of free men; a revolution nourished by the love of God and of men and destined to achieve a greater measure of social justice than Marx or his latter-day followers have ever dreamt of.

Dorothy Day is a woman who has taken Christ at His word. Some of His teachings were, and are still by many, considered "hard sayings, and who can believe them"; but she embraces them lovingly with mind and will. She believes His way of voluntary poverty and meekness to be still practical teaching for men and women to-day. She cherishes the great truth which Augustine learned after many wanderings: "Thou hast made us, O God, for Thyself alone, and our hearts will find no rest until they rest in Thee." Fundamentally, that is why she rejects big-business, the encroachments of the State in all departments of civil life, the factory system, monopolies, large-scale farming, joint-stock companies—all the paraphernalia of modern life. For she believes that none of these spell happiness for man. If she were to give her adherence to any socio-political system, it would be to some form of distributism as advocated by the late G. K. Chesterton. She advocates decentralization of government and of industry. She pleads for a wider extension of ownership, where every family has its own home, its own garden, large enough to enable its members to grow some of its own food. She wants smaller factories, in country surroundings, part-owned and part-managed by the men and women who

work in them. She sees in human labour, not a curse nor a mere necessity, but a means to develop human personality in and through the example of Christ the Worker.

Dorothy Day lays great stress on the dignity of the human person, fashioned in the likeness of God and redeemed by the Precious Blood of Christ. And it is this vision of Christ, which her faith enables her to see in the most unpromising of her fellow-men, that sustains her in her heroic work for the outcasts and misfits of the slums of American cities. To serve them is her privilege. The corporal works of mercy loom large in her programme. Daily, in the Houses of Hospitality established by her in several cities she and her voluntary companions feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, sharing with their brethren the last ladle of stew, the last cup of coffee. As I listened to her objective account of her work, I thought of that remark made by some Government Report on conditions in the West of Ireland in the last century : " The people of this region are comprised of two classes, the poor and the destitute. The latter are mainly supported by the former."

If Dorothy Day is not destitute, she is extremely poor—though possessed of so many gifts that she could, if she wished, be a woman of considerable means. She believes, however, that in the present chaotic conditions of society, where poverty abounds in the midst of plenty, lay people must embrace the poverty of Christ and succour their needy brethren at whatever personal cost. And the cost to her is considerable. Mott Street and its surroundings—and it has its counterparts in most modern cities—is a grimy, dirty district. The House of Hospitality there, which Dorothy Day shares with the destitute who flock to her from all parts, defies all her efforts to keep it clean. The casual observer might imagine that she confuses poverty with dirt, but the truth is that dirt is inseparable from the life of poverty that she has chosen voluntarily in order to bring the charity of Christ to the involuntary poor and awaken the conscience of a complacent world.

As I walked back to Spring Street that evening the words of Christ's Sermon on the Mount were running through my mind ; they had taken on a new and deeper meaning, for I had met one who had listened to those words and was putting them into practice.

> Blessed are you poor ; for yours is the Kingdom of God.
> Blessed are you who hunger now ; for you shall be filled.
> Blessed are you who weep now ; for you shall laugh . . .
> Love your enemies . . . .
> Give to everyone who asks of thee . . . .
> Give, and it shall be given to you . . . .
> Be compassionate, therefore, as your Father is compassionate.

EDMOND KENT

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MACKENNA, S.J.

XCIV

On death (1420) of Domhnall Ó Domhnaill (FM, AU, ACon, &c.). In spite of stanza 6*d* the Annals do not give him as chief of his name. His mother was Gráinne (st. II), her family name being unknown. The monk addressed in st. 22 was probably his father, Ó Domhnaill, i.e. Toirdhealbhach an Fhíona, who became a monk and survived his son by three years. Conn in st. 29 is not identified but " the son of Féilim " in the same stanza was probably one of the party led by Brian (son of Domhnall son of Muircheartach) Ó Conchobhair Sligigh who slew Domhnall.

MARBHNAIDH DOMHNUILL MHEIC TOIRDHEALBHAIGH AN FHÍONA ANNSO Ó EOGHAN MAC AN BHAIRD

1. Leasg an aghuidhsi ar Eas Ruaidh,
ní cosmhoil is an chéaduair ;
ceann ar n-aisdir gidh é an t-Eas
a fhaisgin as é mh'aimhleas.

2. An rosg ag ruadhadh a dhér
ar n-aithne Innse Saimhér,
ní ba sgaradh dúinn re doigh
aghadh ar an ccúil ccubhraigh

3. Ní cabhair don chroidhe thinn
faoidhe na healta éisdim ;
ar bhfaisgin én an Easa
aisgidh dér do dháileassa

4. Fada mhéras am mheanmhain
mo mhuirn ó mhac Toirrdhealbhaigh ;
an sruth tar a n-iomchradh inn
uch as 'n-a thiomchal thigim

5. Dá ló ní lingfe mise
re tásg eile d'innisi ;
rug an t-ég ar eagal linn
ní fheadar créd do chaoinfinn.

6. Mar só a-tú ó tá ar luighe
an t-én gan áit ccomhnuighe ;
samhail eoin bhile ar n-a bhuing
a fhile a ndeoigh Í Dhomhnuill.

7. D'éis an ríogh do fhréimh Dháluigh
tearc dhá chéile as compánuigh ;
do bhean mé shúil do sheisi
ní té dhúinn an díneisi.

8. Go ttí an bás ní bhéra sinn
an toirrcheas a-tá am inntinn ;
mar tá mé do shlógh Shligigh
do ba lór é d'fhaoisidin.

9. Tuitim ríogh Rátha Cobhthaigh
táinig d'áitheas énorchair,
do ládh is an t-orchar ann
lámh fan dornchar ag Domhnall.

10. Is cumhain leam lá nar eadh ;
—ní bhí trén ris nach ticcthear—
as ceannsa tre Chúigeadh Sreing
an cúigeadh eangsa d'Éirinn.

11. Mo mhaoidheamh ar mhac Gráinne
uch, ní hadhbhar luthgháire ;
cách res an laithe ar a lig
as daithe an tráth fa dtigmid.

12. Do bheith ad chaomhthach, a chloch,
do anfoinn san ord mhanach ;
ós manaigh as treise as-toigh
raghaidh meise 's na manchaibh.

13. Do bhí lá nach leigfinn dáibh
mo chor uaibh—uch do dhiombáidh !
biaidh fúinn go loighe ar do leic
an oile a n-úir 'n-a héiric.

14. Feadh cuarta Chríche Meadhbha
céile dhamh an doimheanma ;
do loisg ar mhnáibh Chlann gCraoidhe
nar áil ann bhur n-éagcaoine.

15. Gabháil chinn re caoi nDomhnaigh
ní hurasa d'ollamhnaibh ;
tug ar mhnáibh a n-anáil d'ól
gabháil dáibh risin ndobrón.

16. Mé ar chomhairle an chroidhe thinn
fada ó éisteacht an Aifrinn ;
gum shúil a n-aisgidh ní fhuil
t'fhaisgin dúinn gaca Domhnoigh.

17. Ceithre troighthe a-tá fa dhó
a ttomhas an té teasdó ;
feart í Chonaill is in chill
re tteacht a oghaim aithnim.

18. Don bhaile ina mbínn reimhe
(leisge) a-chách mo chéilidhe ;
ón té ghá rabha ní rach
's ní ragha mé go Murbhach.

19. Leigthear tosach ag teachta
dhamh is deireadh imtheachta,
cairt an bhreic ar an mbuinne,
ar leic í Airt aguinne.

20. Ni hiomdha adhbhar meanma
agam d'éis mo thighearna ;
sinn ag áineas mar budh eadh
nír sháidheas inn ar n-aigneadh.

21. Maith aithnim adhbhar an ghuil
do-chluin sinn a sídh Ealcmhair ;
do-ní, a bhean bhuailte na mbas,
ar ccuairtne as-teagh do thomhas.

22. Re a chois do fhuaras t'aithne,
nach truagh méd mo mhearaighthe ;
gin go n-aithni mé, a mhanaigh,
mh'aithni as hé do fholchobhair.

23. Imtheacht ní fhéadfa meisi
uait do chead an chridheisi,
a-tá slighe thríod as-teach
go croidhe a líog í Luighdheach.

24. D'imtheacht ní fhaghaim croidhe
nach truagh abhbhar mh'ionghaire ;
mar tú ar iomdhaigh í Énna
do ionghair cú a coiléana.

25. Adhbhar guil a n-iath Oiligh
do b'ionghadh é d'fhiarfoighidh ;
a-tá ós aird bhur n-adhbhar,
amhná nach tairg tionnabhradh

26. Ar ccodladh le tuirsi truim
deireadh oidhche ar uaigh Dhomhnuill
do-ghéana caoi 'n-a codladh,
do-bhéara ar mhnaoi mosgaladh.

27. 'N-a ndeaghoidh do-bhearar breath
ar ríoghroidh fhréimhe Luighdheach ;
ar tír ar an té nach mair
as é do-ninn a-nuraidh.

28. Agair ar fhine Meadhbha
mar taoi a ttacha thighearna ;
doirbh aithne ort, a Éire,
a-nocht d'aithle th'oilbhéime.

29. Mac Féidhlim tug ar Theamhraigh
a maoith tre mhac tToirrdhealbhoigh ;
do bhí ar Bhanbha do bhás Chuinn
a cás tre dhamhna Í Dhomhnuill.

30. An chumha ag coigill a bhfleagh,
Conalluigh san cheas naoidhean,
nír leig brón do shíol Shéadna
an fíon d'ól gur fhinégra.

31. Cantar aca leath ar leath
le chéile a gcluiche caointeach,
gáir dá n-aithne ag mnáibh Murbhaigh
gáir dá aithle ag ollamhnuibh.

32. As é an reodh as rogha síon
againn tar éis an airdríogh ;
aithleaptha ag an chrodh a ccoill
ón chlaichshneachta ar ndol Domhnoill.

33. Dá ló ní lugha a ttuile,
Tonn Tuaidhe, Tonn Rughraidhe ;
béaraidh Cliodhna tre ó cCuinn
iobhra dá bhfréamhaibh fuloing.

34. Ar tteacht tosaigh an teaghlaigh
d'eis mharbhtha mheic Toirrdhealbhaigh
an sgél do fhuair a fhile
dér uaidh ina ainsile.
Leasg an adhuighse.

Translation

1. Tedious is this night on Eas Ruaidh—how different from of old ! Though this Eas is my journey's end, the very sight of it hurts me.

2. My eye sheds blood-flecked tears at sight of Inis Saimhéar ; the sight of that fragrant nook of earth brings no relief to my pain.

3. No solace for a sore heart is the crying of the birds I hear ; as I watch them at the Eas, I pour forth tears freely.

4. Long in my memory shall be the favour I got from Toirdhealbhach's son ; the stream over which I used to be carried, alas ! I have now to go round it.

5. Since his time I shall never be in haste to talk of any man's death ; my forebodings brought on (his) death (?) ; which of these two things should be the cause of my weeping I know not.

6. Since his death I am as a bird without resting-place ; like a bird when its home-tree is cut down is Ó Domhnaill's poet after his death.

7. Now that the Prince of Dálach's stock has left me, 'twould be hard to find two such real friends (as we were) ; I have given up hope of having any friend, for folk today look coldly on me.

8. Till my death I will never reveal what I have conceived in my heart ; 'tis enough for me to confess how I feel towards the folk of Sligeach (i.e. Domhnall's slayers).

9. The death of Domhnall, Lord of Cobhthach's Fort, came from a single shot ; his hand clutched at his sword-hilt but the shot had already pierced him.

10. I remember when things were not as now, peace reigning throughout that Fifth of Éire, the Province of Sreang (Connaught) ; when a thing is strong it provokes attack (i.e., Domhnall's activity no longer provokes attack from O'Conchobhair Sligigh, etc.).

11. To speak now of Gráinne's son gives me no pleasure ; at day-break all hurry to his grave, but I am there earlier !

12. After being with thee, O Tomb, I could stand a monastic order ; as (prayers of) monks have power in Heaven (to help Domhnall), I will become one.

13. Time was, alas ! when I would let no one keep me away from thee ; the memory of that time abides in my heart to satisfy it till I can throw myself on thy grave.

14. As I journeyed through Meadhbh's Land (Connachta) dejection was my companion ; the ladies of Clann Chraoidhe were angry that folk there would not bewail thee.

15. To take the lead in Sunday's lamentation (for thee) is not easy for thy poets (grief-stricken) ; when women strive to join in the weeping, it causes them to catch their breath.

16. Listening to the promptings of my sore heart, I feel little inclined to hear Mass ; the sight of thee (O Tomb), each Sunday hurts my eyes.

17. Eight feet is the measure of the dead hero ; in the churchyard I can recognise (by its size) the tomb of Conall's scion before the inscription is put on it.

18. I feel less and less inclined to visit the place (Murbhach) where I used to stay ; I am

not going there now and yet (being at his grave) I am not leaving him with whom I used to dwell.

19. The right to be first at the grave of Art's scion and last to leave it is mine; 'tis the right a fish has to its river.

20. Now that my Lord is gone, I have little to keep up my spirits; I used to find life joyful as though I had always forced my will on him, and yet I never did so.

21. I know the cause of the weeping I hear in the elf-hill of Ealcmhar; thou, O woman who art beating thy hands (in grief), canst guess what makes me want to enter there.

22. Am I not sore distraught? I enjoyed, dear friar, thy familiarity together with his; though thou dost not grant me thy familiarity now, (I can boast) it was a thing (I had which) thou hast now withdrawn.

23. O Tomb of Lughaidh's scion, my heart lets me not leave thee, and yet it leads right through thee (to Domhnall).

24. I have not the heart to go away; is not the cause of my vigil a sad one? I stand by the couch of Éanna's scion as a hound watches over its whelps.

25. 'Twould be absurd to ask why folk are weeping in the Land of Oileach; ye ladies who (since his death) have not sought a moment's sleep, plain is your reason for that.

26. The end of the night makes the cuckoo sleep and the housewife wake (to her work), but finds me sunk in sleep through heavy sorrow on Domhnall's grave.

27. Lords of Lughaidh's stock are appreciated after death, but 'twas on earth last year that I valued this dead hero.

28. O Éire, bring home to Meadhbh's race how thou dost miss thy Lord: 'tis hard to recognise thee now after thy affliction.

29. Féilim's son has saddened Teamhair by his slaying of Toirdhealbhach's son; Banbha mourns the death of Conn, Ó Domhnaill's heir.

30. Mourning has cut short the banqueting of Conall's race stricken down by the child-weakness; sorrow has kept Séadhna's race from wine so long that it has turned to vinegar.

31. One can hear the cries of Murbhach's ladies and those of the poets too; they sing their mournful dirge in harmony.

32. Now that the Prince, Domhnall, is dead, I prefer wintry weather; cattle are forced by hail-showers to seek fresh shelter in woods.

33. Since Conn's scion is gone, the waters of Tonn Tuaidhe and Tonn Rudhraighe are swelling and Cliodhna threatens to tear trees from their straining roots.

34. When, after the death of Toirdhealbhach's son, the first of his retinue had come in, and the news reached his poet, it brought forth tears, the first of many.

NOTES

MSS.: 23 D 14, 7 (D), Book of O'Donnell's daughter f. 15b (O). Text is D except as noted below.

1*b*.ce. D 2*c*.dhúin D 3*d*.dhér D 5*c*.*Leg*. arbh ea. ? 6*a*. tá na l. O *b*. mar én O 7*a*. rí D *d*.dhúin D 8*a*.Co dtí D *c*.atá D 9*a*.rí D *d*. fan orchar D 10*c*.cui. D 11*d*.daiche D 12*d*. ragha D 13*d*. ar oile D, an oile O 14*a*. chu. chri. D 15*a*. ar chaoi O 16*b*.dhúin 17*b*. ar ttea. D, re ttea.O 18*f*. leasga D 20*d*.hsháí. D 21*c*.mbos D 22*a*.fu. D *d*.-phair D 23*c*.thríot D *d*. gum chr. O 24*b*. *or* mheolchaire D *d*.cuil. D 25*b*. dobadh i. a fhiafroidhigh D 26*a*.thr. D *c*.dhéna, codal D 27*c*.dtír D *d*.nín D 29*c*. chuinn D 31*b*.-the D: *cf* KM *c*.*Leg*. aith. ? 32*a*. reogh D 34*a*. tteasg O *b*-ealaigh D *d*. a dhér u. ina O.

ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH

BY ELIZABETH BELLOC

ANNE Catherine Emmerich was born at Flamske, near Coesfield, in Westphalia 1774. Her parents were devout Catholic peasants, and she was the fifth child in a family of nine. The farmhouse where she was born consisted of only one room, with an earthern floor and a few wooden partitions like stalls for sleeping-places—and beyond these the stalls proper, so to speak, where the cows and horses shared the same roof with the human family. There was a large stone hearth, where a wood fire burned in summer and winter and where all the cooking was done. There was no chimney, and the heavy smoke escaped as best it could by door and window, blackening the walls and furniture (what there was of it) with decades of grime. In the houses of the poor, chimneys did not come into general use until the nineteenth century when the peasants began to burn coal as well as wood.

I

This one dark room, full of flickering lights and shadows from the fire, the atmosphere heavy with scented wood-smoke and the not unpleasant smells of stable and byre, where the horses stamped at night and the cows shuffled and breathed, was the whole world to the baby Anne Catherine as she gradually became aware of life. And yet not the whole world. As she grew from babyhood to childhood she became naturally and directly aware of another world, a world of the spirit, which lay around her as vividly as the firelit room : a world of purer and more powerful light, of stranger and more sombre shadow : an inhabited world whose denizons, great and holy, or weird and pathetic, or darkly horrible, were as apparent to her bodily eyes as were her parents and family and the friendly beasts of the field.

To Anne Catherine this sixth sense was no surprising thing. On the contrary, she took it entirely for granted and imagined that everyone else saw what she saw. But her parents realised that she was a singular being ; and though she was their favourite child, they took great trouble to prevent her from being spoiled. As she grew a little older, her father became entirely fascinated by her eerie talk of what she had seen around her. He would come in from work in the evening and take her on his knee beside that very smoky fire and say : " Anna Kathrinchen : Tell me something ! " And the child would tell him strange things.

Anne Catherine was taught her prayers very early, and at six years old she began to pray in earnest. Kneeling with her little brother in their " stall " at night, she would pray until she saw the whole room glowing

with a wonderful white light. At other times a freezing current of air would blow around her (in psychic phenonema cold is always a sign of evil) and unseen icy hands would shake her or even strike her in the face, while a discordant voice shrieked : " Go back to bed ! " Her little brother was terrified, but Anne Catherine was made of sterner stuff. She was possessed of great natural courage and never gave in to this bullying from the infernal regions.

The sceptical reader might well remark that, in the natural order, there would be no lack of freezing draughts in that barn-like dwelling and, also, that irritated relatives frequently have discordant voices. But all clairvoyants are very clear about the difference between the physical cold of this world and the far more dismaying chill, icier than death itself, which sometimes blows from beyond the Veil and is a commonplace in modern psychic experience. And we hear that her parents loved her especially and would never have shouted at her. Lastly, her brother shared these experiences, which proves them to have been in some measure genuinely objective.

Her father used to take her to work with him in the fields before sunrise. He would salute the sunrise with a prayer and would tell Anne Catherine that it was lucky to be the first to walk upon the untrodden dew. Their hard-working lives made it impossible for them to attend daily Mass at Coesfield church, a mile and a half away ; but when her father heard the bells ringing, he used to follow the Mass in spirit, out in the fields, saying : " Now it is the Consecration ; now it is the Communion." Like Jeanne d'Arc long before her, Anne Catherine loved the sound of the holy church bells—and said she could see the vibrations of the bells putting the evil spirits to flight. Small as she was, she could always calm and manage a most difficult farm-horse which was beyond the control of anyone else. And about this time she began to gather certain wild herbs, which she insisted were good and had healing properties. She would bring home bind-weed and camomile, cress and chervil, to add to the already known peasant remedies ; and she had a natural knowledge of and detestation for the herbs used in witchcraft—especially mandrake roots.

II

In the district round Coesfield the houses were few and far between. It was a countryside of pleasant green fields and pastures, and many oak-trees. The strong Catholic tradition, deep-rooted in the centuries and older than the oak-trees, was held unquestioningly by everybody. The great Catechist, Dean Overberg (the actual founder of lay teaching for women), took up his life-work about this time, labouring in the whole district of Münster to improve on his own education, which had consisted simply and solely of being beaten. Logically, he was an excellent advertise-

ment for this kind of education, because he grew up a great and good man. But life is greater than logic; and Dean Overberg dedicated his whole existence to the cause of a more spiritual education in the schools. He became the man who taught the teachers. As a result of his influence over the elementary schools the peasantry came to have a clearer grasp of what the Catholic religion really means: more of love and less of the rod: more of the Spirit and less of superstition. By the time Anne Catherine made her First Communion at the age of twelve, she would have been one of the earliest souls to profit by his labours.

We know she learnt to read, because there is an account of her reading, or trying to read, a spiritual book by the fitful flames of that household fire round which all the peasants' indoor life was centred. Those smoky shadows, leaping across the page, are symbolic of the mystery which hovers over all the wide range of her later knowledge. How much was pure intuition and how much had been acquired from reading? How much was genuine objective truth, and how much was hysteria? The sudden flash of inspired vision gleams through the smoke and shadow of mystery in all that she has to say. The tale of her spiritual adventures is difficult to bring into any scientific category, but it is full of an intrinsic significance. Most of us can feel good and evil, but Anne Catherine *saw* it. She saw good people and good actions surrounded by light. She loved the relics of the saints and saw how the souls of the saints hovered over their relics with a special direct power. She had the gift of psychometry and could tell true relics from false, often seeing vivid pictures in her imagination of the life of any saint whose relic she touched. She saw the prayers of human souls going up to God, sometimes like a bright stream of light, sometimes like a dull vapour. " Prayers differ," she used to say, " just as handwriting differs".

Anne Catherine always saw spiritual emanations in the form of vapours, like steam. She saw dreadful black vapours issuing from ancient pre-Christian burial-grounds, and had a shuddering fear and loathing for places in the countryside which formerly had been the scenes of idolatrous pagan rites. She knew the difference between the sad and the bad. The hideous black vapours which reached her on the scenes of idolatry or crime appeared very different from the mournful emanations from Purgatory which would rise from the graves when she went to pray in the cemetery. As she prayed beside a grave she would see a black vapour turn grey and a grey vapour turn brilliant white as the soul was released from Purgatory. She used to say that a message from the Blessed always came through to her direct without words, " like a breeze in summer ". But the voices of the souls in Purgatory were difficult to understand. " They sound smothered as if coming through something that dulls the sound: like a voice sounding from inside a cask." Surely, a shockingly vivid simile! She was distressed when by some graves there was neither

voice nor vapour. She felt that the souls there were indeed in Purgatory, but so deep down that communication was impossible. Sometimes her prayers were, so to speak, returned to her. She spoke of violent unhappy spirits haunting ruins and lonely places, the scenes of their crimes. Her witness is wholly intuitive and unscientific, but it is borne out by the phenomena of the modern séances, where desperately unhappy spirits sometimes manifest themselves, interrupting their blasphemies by bitter weeping and requests for prayers.

Anne Catherine used to steal out of the house at night and pray on a little hillock with her face turned towards Coesfield church. As she grew older, unlike the rest of her family, she would go to early Mass in the dark small hours and would choose the lonelier road to Coesfield—to pray for the Dead in solitude as she walked. " I used to see the Holy Souls," she said, " floating before before me, two by two, like fiery sparks in a dull flame." Later on, when she lodged in Coesfield, she would visit the cemetery at midnight with a companion to make the Way of the Cross. The town gates were shut, and they used to get through a hole in the city wall.

III

Anne Catherine's one dream was to become a nun, but extreme poverty kept it a dream. It was indeed an ironic poverty which prevented her from making a vow of poverty ! She had no dowry and no profession. Had she but known it, this delay was God-given, because it kept her a little longer among the people who loved her and whom she loved. But we understand our destiny but little ; and one day, while haymaking in the fields, she heard the ringing of the bells of the Convent of the Annunciation at Coesfield and fainted away with sheer longing to become a religious. From that day real steps were taken to get her into a convent. She learnt dressmaking and saved a dowry, only to give it all away to the needy people who surrounded her. She learnt to play the organ, or tried to ; and eventually, at very long last, against her parents' wishes she entered the Augustinian convent called the Agnetenberg, in the neighbouring town of Dulmen. She was twenty-eight years old.

Anne Catherine was only allowed to enter the convent on sufferance. Her friend, Clara Soentgen, whom she had often aided financially with her poor earnings, was accepted as a postulant because she was a skilled organist ; but she would not enter unless Anne Catherine was received at the same time. The nuns resented this arrangement, so from the beginning there was a cloud over Anne Catherine's life as a nun. The convent was miserably poor, only just able to keep itself by sewing and embroidery, and the nuns felt in their petty way that this forced entrance by a penniless girl in wretched health was simply an intrusion ; and they made her feel an intruder from the beginning to the end.

And the end was nearer than they knew. Vast political events, the results of the French Revolution, were looming up over Europe like storm clouds. The armies of the new Republic were already on the march under Napoleon, whom Anne Catherine saw in a vision which filled her with horror. She saw the Pope anointing " a little yellow man of sinister aspect". And she saw " torrents of bloodshed". Westphalia was threatened with chaos and upheaval. After the Battle of Jena in 1806, Jerome Bonaparte was made King of Westphalia and the majority of the religious houses were closed down, including the Agnetenberg. Anne Catherine's profession was the very last that took place there.

She had nine years as a nun in the Agnetenberg. Ordinary human beings dislike the mystical types, because the mystic is out of the ordinary. The nuns seem to have been very ordinary women, of curiously cramped spiritual vision, and they resented the extraordinary being who had come into their midst. Anne Catherine, whether she would or no, lived on a different plane from her religious sisters. Her soul went on strange journeys over the hills of Heaven and down into the chasms of Hell. She was driven by great forces, which created round her soul an intensity which she herself could sustain, but which those in her immediate neighbourhood could not. They disbelieved in her great spiritual graces ; and her psychic gifts, combined with her marked natural candour, got her into endless trouble with them. She always knew when the rule was being broken in any part of the convent and would immediately go to that spot and gently upraid the delinquents—who, not altogether without reason, came to dislike and fear her.

Also, her health deteriorated. The amenities of the Agnetenberg do not appear to have greatly exceeded those of the barn-dwelling at Flamske. Her cell, cold and damp, was furnished with a truckle-bed and two broken chairs, one with no back and the other with no seat. The nuns actually had to pay, each for her own breakfast ; and Anne Catherine, with no money, had to do without breakfast. Eventually she was able to make a cup of coffee from the used grounds left over in the kitchen. Her earlier life had been spent largely in the open air of the fields and there had been no lack of wholesome exercise, even if it did include such eccentricities as making the Way of the Cross in the graveyard at midnight. But genuine eccentrics are happier if allowed their oddities of behaviour, and happiness is an integral part of health. There is no room for eccentricity in a convent, then or now. In her girlhood, as well as air and exercise, she had the loving and admiring company of her peasant family and friends. But in the convent, except for the faithful Clara Soentgen and the Abbé Lambert (a French émigré priest who believed in her), she was completely surrounded by suspicion and dislike. During those years she lost her health beyond recall.

When the blow fell and the convent was closed in 1811, all the poor

nuns were dispersed to their homes with the exception of Anne Catherine —who, by then, was too ill to be moved. There remained also the pathetic old Abbé Lambert, who was too old and poor to return to the France he had foregone when he had refused to take the Constitutional Oath at the time of the Revolution. For the long bitter months of that winter these two stayed on in the empty convent, helped a little by one old serving-woman. Anne Catherine's cell was alternately damp or frozen, but always piercing cold. The mice scampered over the wretched coverlet of her bed, and she reproved them for stealing the eggs of the doves which haunted her window. Perhaps she was a little too given to reproving; but, unlike the nuns, the mice forgave her; and through the long lonely hours their somewhat primitive company was all that she had.

IV

When the spring came, the forces of Progress and Humanity firmly turned the old man and the invalid woman out of their shelter; and Anne Catherine dragged herself through the town, literally upon her last legs, to a wretched room taken for her by the Abbé Lambert in the village inn of Dulmen, which was run by the Widow Roters. He had taken a lodging there himself; and it seems that he must have supported Anne Catherine on his occasional offerings as a priest. This pathetic fact is inferred, because there was no other possible means of support for her anywhere. And she always showed such a special and peculiar gratitude towards her companion in misery. By the autumn of that year, 1812, she became completely bed-ridden. Her little ground-floor room was immediately beside the road, and everyone could and did stare in upon her. She was, like her Master, crucified beside the public highway. And from this point onwards in the story there is a gathering of princely forces about her; the veiled angels of the Passion fill her poor room, and the shadows glow with the royal purple. As the days of 1812 were moving to their close, she was lying alone in her cold room when, in the midst of a vision, she was stricken with the Stigmata. From that day to the end of her life, she bore the bleeding and painful print of the Five Wounds of Christ.

Strangely enough, she did not realise it herself; her attention was first called to it by the young girl who waited upon her. Anne Catherine was already very well-liked by the people of Dulmen; and from the time it became known that she had received the Stigmata, her little room was filled with an unending stream of visitors. She illustrated that most terrible line in the Psalms: "They have looked and stared upon me." Many came to pray, but a minority came to stare only. With her "second sight" she also suffered acutely from the occasional presence of bad souls in the room. But noble souls also came in plenty. The women of the great Salons might well have envied this selfless peasant whose room

was frequented, without invitation, by many of the most outstanding minds of her time and province.

There was Father Limberg, her Dominican confessor, who believed discreetly in her visions ; there was Dr. Wesener, the atheist local doctor, who believed in her implicitly and thought her wounds were genuine and not the result of hysteria. There was the great Dean Overberg who regarded her with awe and humility ; and his friend Graf von Stolberg, the distinguished historian and formidable Catholic apologist. There was Dean Rensing, who had been chaplain to the nuns ; and the Vicar-General of Münster, Dr. von Droste Vischering, who wanted to remove Anne Catherine to a dwelling on one of his estates, but she could not face the journey. There was Michael Sailer, the future Bishop of Ratisbon, a sweet and saintly character and, of all her retinue, the soul which most resembled her own. Last, but far from least, there was the poet Clemens Brentano, who venerated her with a faithful sublimated affection and who transcribed for us the mysterious dreams and visions with which she was favoured.

But there were less friendly souls to be endured from among the Protestants and freethinkers. There was a scientist, sane enough, though called Dr. Rave ; and there was the Landrat von Boenninghausen, as arrogant as his name was long, and who was possessed of considerable local powers. In the summer of 1819 these two insisted on removing Anne Catherine " for observation and questioning ", to the fury of Brentano and the great distress of the cows in the byre next door— which, we are told, " bellowed piteously " when she was carried away in a litter to a specially appointed house in the town. Here she was kept for three weeks by a " Committee of Inquiry ", a name which has a curiously twentieth-century ring about it. From the scientific point of view there was certainly plenty to inquire into because, after receiving the Stigmata, she never ate normal food again, but lived entirely upon the Blessed Sacrament. Also, her circulation, instead of circulating towards the heart in the normal manner, flowed miraculously towards the wounds. The self-appointed Committee established these facts beyond dispute and provided excellent data for future students of mystical phenomena. But they themselves flatly refused to believe what they had proved and established ; they remained unconvinced, and Anne Catherine was carried back to her friends. By then she had been living for some time in another room, at the back of the house of a master-baker, the brother of her confessor Father Limberg. The window looked out upon the deserted convent and its closed chapel. It was here that her last years were spent till her death in 1824 at the age of fifty.

Brentano was waiting for her on her return. He was just over forty, dark-haired, violent and passionate, newly reconciled to the Catholic Church, from which he had strayed in his youth. He still talked a special

brand of nonsense, vigorously opposed by Anne Catherine, and he was sometimes accompanied by his brother, who talked even more nonsense. Dr. Wesener heartily disliked Brentano, finding him always " perched at the bedside". But Brentano only perched the more determinedly, and Wesener ceased coming for a time. Meanwhile, Anne Catherine's sister Gertrude, a really distressingly unpleasant character, came to nurse the invalid and roused the intense dislike of Dean Overberg, who referred to her as " that evil spirit". Wesener also detested her, and in the intervals of trying to get rid of Brentano he did his best to get rid of Gertrude. He eventually succeeded in the latter undertaking, but never in the former —though both the old priests, Fathers Lambert and Limberg, found Brentano unendurable.

Brentano set himself to get rid of everyone except Anne Catherine and himself. Although his name as a poet has almost vanished now, he had very considerable fame in his own time and had been spoilt by his success in the world. He seems to have had a typically violent Prussian temper and domineering manners, and Anne Catherine, who could see the thoughts in a person's mind, was greatly distressed by what she saw of Brentano's. She said : " I often see all kinds of bad thoughts chasing one another through his head. They peer round like strange ugly wild beasts. He checks them not ; he does not drive them away promptly. It is as if he were used to them, and they run about as over a beaten path." By an almost whimsical move of Providence this violent worldling became the humble transcriber of Anne Catherine Emmerich's visions, and gave them to succeeding generations in the noble poetic diction which they deserved. He tells us that Anne Catherine usually spoke to him in common German, which was a slight improvement on the Westphalian patois. But in ecstasy her language became much purer. Strange and terrible were the things she told him.

V

To the unbeliever the talk of Anne Catherine Emmerich would be considered nothing but a wild flight of fancy, a powerful imagination working upon Teuton and Nordic peasant folk-lore, with the background of the Catholic Creed. But to the believer the record of her spiritual adventures will always mean much more than imagination only. Mysticism is an empirical science, which can never have the intellectual status of physical science, with its method of proof through the senses. Still less can it have the great fundamental status of Faith and the teachings of the Church. Mysticism claims to *see*, whereas Faith is essentially belief in the unseen.

But Anne Catherine certainly saw. She fell frequently into deep ecstasies, during which she was completely lost to the normal life of the senses. Her soul went on spiritual journeys into Hell, Purgatory, Heaven.

She was transported into the Future and into the Past. Ancient Jerusalem became as well-known to her as modern Paris might be to one of us. She saw the Rome of the Caesars and witnessed the sufferings of the martyrs. She herself had a martyr's courage and holiness, or she could not have survived the horrors she saw.

Perhaps some sub-conscious impression of the bitter German winters always made her see evil in terms of the north. In her visions of the Old Testament she saw the ancient Hebrew altars with their backs to the north : " because evil comes from the north". There is a sort of confirmation of this in the historic fact that, when Jerusalem finally fell and was reduced to rubble, it was taken by the Romans from the northern side. " I cannot say exactly where Purgatory lies," said Anne Catherine. (Indeed, who could say ?) " But I generally travel northward for a while when leaving the earth. I descend by dark aerial paths, as if far under the earth, to dismal places of cold, fog, and obscurity. The abodes of the souls differ according to each one's state, but their sojourns seem round like globes". She tells us that the demons are allowed into the deepest parts of Purgatory and that the souls there go through a temporary hell. She tells us about strange beings called Planetary Spirits : three choirs of spirits, higher than the Archangels, who fell from Heaven but are not yet damned. They experienced some sort of contrition and remain in a neutral state. She insists on their difference from the demons. Their final fate is as equivocal as their present condition. But their influences are not good for the human soul, because they are not the friends of God. They inhabit the spheres of the universe, whence they dispense strange giddy influences, inconstant and wild. They are powerful in their own orbits. The reader is irresistibly reminded of Shelley and the strange half-magical, half-blasphemous influences of his poetry.

When she saw a prophetic vision of future events, she tells us that an event seen high up in the air meant that it was still in the more distant future, while a vision near to the earth meant that the event was imminent. In her visions of Our Lady's life on earth her description of the site of St. John's house in Ephesus was later proved by archaeology to be perfectly correct. Her account of the visions of the Passion were to become famous and were translated into every modern language. When Tissot painted his well-known Life of Our Lord in pictures in the eighties of last century, his whole intention being scientific accuracy and exactitude, he followed Anne Catherine's account for all the terrible scenes of the Passion.

She describes in weird detail the scene of the Last Supper in the ancient fortress-like building of the Tomb of David on Mount Sion. It was a thick-walled citadel surrounded by dark cypress-trees. It dated back to an unknown time and had been spared by the Babylonians at the destruction of Jerusalem. Solomon knew it and had performed certain figurative rites there. And there the prophet Malachy had written his

prophecies of the Blessed Sacrament. The chalice of the Holy Grail was from remote antiquity, and was made of some unknown substance which no one had ever been able to melt down. It was dark and highly polished, with gold ornaments and a gold pediment. It was surrounded by six much smaller chalices. Anne Catherine said that the Grail is hidden in Jerusalem to this day, but one smaller chalice was taken to Antioch and another to Ephesus. This sidelight on the Grail legend may be an explanation of the ancient tradition of Glastonbury. She saw Our Lord preparing the chrism for the conferring of the priesthood after the Communion of the Apostles. There is a tradition of this handed down through one of the earliest Popes, St. Fabian.

Anne Catherine gives a stirring account of the mighty disturbances in Nature at Our Lord's death, though she can offer no scientific explanation of the great eclipse. (This eclipse is described by an ancient pagan writer called Phlegon whose work has now disappeared, but who is quoted both by Origen and St. Jerome. Phlegon states that on a certain day, about the time of Tiberius, the whole known world was enveloped in pitchy darkness in which the stars appeared, and there were violent earthquakes all over the Empire). As the moon was at the full at the Pasch, it could have been no ordinary eclipse, and Anne Catherine insists that it was miraculous; likewise the earthquake, in which the rock of Calvary was split *against* the strata and not along them, an otherwise unheard-of phenomenon, but which has left clear traces in the rock to this day. She tells us that Our Lord's death exorcised the earth, driving vast numbers of demons out of their habitations in Nature, and she saw them cast into the Abyss " like a dark cloud". She compares the terrible shuddering of the earth to the convulsions of the possessed at the moment of exorcism. She saw Our Lord's Soul leave His Body and penetrate the earth " like a bright meteor". And in that mysterious interval between His death and resurrection she saw Him sanctifying the sea: a beautiful thought for those who love that element.

She describes the " pilum " or lance with which Our Lord's side was opened after death by a Roman soldier: a lance in three separate pieces which could be screwed together, not unlike our modern bayonet. Recent research on the arms carried by a Roman soldier exactly confirms her description. She followed Our Lord's Soul in the Descent into Hell; and her last and most significant prophecy was made at this point. She said Satan would be unchained from the abyss and let loose upon the earth some fifty or sixty years before the year 2000. That is, 1940 to 1950. This accurate prophecy was made in 1823. She died a holy death six months later in February 1824.

ELIZABETH BELLOC

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND THE GREAT FAMINE

BY THOMAS P. O'NEILL, M.A.

THE Cromwellian settlement and the social and political turmoil of the seventeenth century brought many new settlers to Ireland. To these the Society of Friends in Ireland owes its origins. Most of the early Quakers came from England as settlers between 1650 and 1680. The pioneer was William Edmundson, who opened a shop at Lurgan and established a Meeting there in 1654. Others settled in Leinster and Munster, and they became prominent traders in all parts of Ireland except the west. For a time they maintained close connections with their co-religionists in England and among the English Quakers who visited Ireland in the late seventeenth century was William Penn, who later founded the state of Pennsylvania and its capital, Philadelphia. The Irish Quakers suffered to some extent from the penal laws; but, avoiding all political and armed conflict, they prospered. Though conscientiously opposed to war, they used their wealth to aid those suffering from its effects. During the Williamite campaign they helped the needy of all classes and, after the American War of Independence, sent help to the members of their Society in Philadelphia. Many who lost their property during the insurrection in 1798 were assisted by Irish Quakers, who received donations for this purpose from Philadelphia and England.[1]

I

It was in keeping with their tradition of philanthropy that Quakers should be spurred on by the famine in Ireland in the years 1845–1848 to assist those threatened with starvation. In 1846 individual Friends had taken part in local efforts to ameliorate the conditions consequent on the partial potato failure of 1845. In Waterford, in that year, they had formed a small relief association[2]; but it was not till after the almost complete destruction of the potato crop in the harvest of 1846 that a central body was formed to organise relief.

On 13 November 1846, a meeting of members of the Society was convened in Dublin to consider what steps they could take and, as a result, the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends was formed. Its objects were to raise a fund by subscription to aid distressed districts, to collect authentic information on the extent of the distress in the various localities and to devise the best means for its alleviation. Twenty-one persons were named to the committee who, by their commercial pursuits,

[1] Isabel Grubb, *Quakers in Ireland*, 1654-1900 (London, 1927); E. Buckley. 'William Penn in Dublin,' in *Dublin Historical Record*, vi. 81-90.

[2] State Paper Office, Dublin Castle (hereafter S.P.O.), Distress papers, 1847, D 5183; *Cork Constitution*, 12 November 1846.

had contacts with many parts of Ireland through which it was hoped to arrange a distributing agency in the distressed areas. It was decided to obtain the co-operation of Quakers scattered throughout the country, who should be associated as corresponding members and who should deliberate and act jointly with the central committee should the occasion demand it. Such members were found in Munster, Leinster and Ulster.[1]

Independently of the Irish Quakers a meeting of members of the society was called in London on November 9 to discuss the same matter. A letter from them was read at the first meeting of the Dublin committee and, on receiving information of the work being done in Ireland, it was decided on November 25 to form a distinct committee in London to collect funds. It was intended that the bulk of the money thus collected should be distributed through the Dublin body, though the London committee could select places to be aided[2]. After consulting with the Dublin committee, they undertook direct assistance to some localities[3]. In all £42,905 12s. 0d. was collected through the agency of this London body.[4]

The bulk of the funds of the Dublin Committee came from the United States. They received £37,398 from the London committee and £4,065 from members in Ireland. In December 1846 Jonathan Pim, one of the secretaries of the central committee, sent an appeal to Jacob Harvey of New York who circulated it among other members of the Society of Friends who organised collections in various parts of the United States. Inspired by these activities of the Quakers, other collections—not organised by the Quakers—were also held and the contributions were mainly sent to the Dublin committee of the society. Usually food was sent rather than cash, and the final total in money and provisions received by the Dublin body from America was valued at £150,000. In all the central committee had practically £200,000 at their disposal[5].

On 30 November 1846, in an address to their co-religionists, the Dublin body stated that it was intended to establish as many soup-kitchens as possible to meet the distress[6]. The establishing of soup-kitchens had been adopted previously by William Edward Forster for the relief of the poor in Norwich city, and he came to Ireland in November to help his fellow-quakers in their relief work[7]. Members of the society had already established soup-kitchens in Cork city[8], and the central committee encouraged the extension of the scheme. To aid local effort in this matter

[1] *Transactions of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends* (hereafter *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*), pp. 33, 36.
[2] Ibid., pp. 35, 135–8.
[3] *Society of Friends: Third report of the London committee*, p.v.
[4] Ibid., p. vi; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 34.
[5] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 47–50, 480.
[6] Ibid., pp. 35, 131–4; P.R.O.I., Soc. of Friends papers. Address of the committee to the members of the Soc. of Friends, 30 Nov. 1846.
[7] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 136. He later became known as "Buckshot" Forster the unpopular chief secretary for Ireland.
[8] *Cork Constitution*, 12 Nov. 1846; *Cork Examiner*, 25 Nov. 1846.

boilers were distributed freely and grants in aid of subscriptions were made[1]. A seasonable donation of fifty boilers was made to the committee by Abraham and Alfred Darby of the Coalbrookdale Iron Company[2]. Relief was confined to those cases for which sufficient provision had not been made by the government, and no preference was made in the distribution of relief on the grounds of religious profession[3].

In the organisation of the relief projects special sub-committees were formed to undertake particular tasks: one to plan and conduct a soup-kitchen, another to undertake the charge and distribution of clothing, a third to conduct the general business of the committee. This latter body reported to the general weekly meetings of the committee on all applications for assistance. The difficulty of forming a satisfactory judgement on the applications for aid from many remote districts and the want of acquaintance with applicants themselves led to the suggestion, from corresponding members in Cork in January 1847, that they should seek the assistance of an auxiliary committee in that city. Similar information committees were formed at Waterford, Limerick and Clonmel and were distinct from the committees engaged in actual distribution of relief, as their business was to report on all applications for assistance within certain prescribed districts. These bodies undertook charge of the entire province of Munster, and a rearrangement of the sub-committee dealing with general business was made. It was increased to twelve members, four of whom were specifically nominated for each of the three remaining provinces. A paid secretary and a staff of clerks were engaged to carry out the office work[4].

II

The difficulty of obtaining authentic information about the conditions in each area was partly overcome by a journey undertaken by W. E. Forster in the most distressed districts in Cavan, Longford, Fermanagh, Donegal and the counties of Connacht. He commenced his journey at the end of November 1846 and did not complete it until the middle of the following April. He was accompanied by various members of the society through the different stages of his journey, and the accounts of these travels published by the London committee did much to stimulate subscriptions. On his journey he urged the upper classes to make further efforts at relief and gave both advice and advances of money, and by making the acquaintance of many individuals and local bodies he furnished the central committee with trustworthy agents for the distribution of their provisions and funds[5].

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[1] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 35.
[2] *Society of Friends: extracts from correspondence*, i. 25.
[3] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 35.
[4] Ibid., pp. 35–7; *Society of Friends: extracts from correspondence*, ii. 20–1.
[5] Joseph Crosfield, *Letters describing the first week of Wm. Forster's journey*; J. H. Tuke, *Narrative describing the second, third and fourth weeks of W. Forster's journey*; Wm. Dillwyn Sims, Ditto. *5th and 6th weeks*; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 38–40.

Towards the end of March Richard Barclay Fox undertook a similar journey through Offaly, Tipperary, Limerick, Clare, Galway, Mayo and Sligo,[1] while James Hack Tuke of York, who had accompanied Forster on his early journeys, undertook a separate tour of Connacht in 1847 and a further visit to Erris in Mayo early in 1848[2]. William Bennett of London also undertook a visit to the west in March 1847[3]; and Edmund Richard of Gloucester and George Hancock of Liverpool, who superintended the delivery of provisions from Liverpool to various parts in the west of Ireland in February 1847, sent accounts of the state of things in the areas which they visited[4].

Besides the information contained in the reports of these English visitors, accounts were received regarding the conditions in Galway and Mayo through visits paid by James Perry and Jonathan Pim, both members of the Central Relief Committee, and by Richard D. Webb who was deputed by the committee to visit Erris, Achill and the western coast as far south as Clifden. The auxiliary committees likewise pursued this system of obtaining authentic information, and William and Joseph Harvey and Thomas Wright proceeded, in January 1847, through the area administered to by the Cork committee and similar visits were arranged by the bodies at Limerick, Waterford and Clonmel[5].

A soup shop was established in Charles Street, Upper Ormond Quay, and was opened on 23 January 1847. It had a double purpose both of which apparently were well served. It acted directly as a means of relieving the poor of Dublin and was a model visited by many persons connected with similar institutions throughout the country[6]. A special sub-committee was formed to conduct this soup-kitchen, and the members attended in rotation to superintend the distribution. The soup was sold at one penny per quart or, with a piece of bread, at three halfpence, and tickets were sold at the same price to those who wished to distribute them gratuitously. The sub-committee, in consequence of the increase of dysentry and bowel diseases, introduced in March the use of cooked rice. One thousand quarts were sold daily, though on some days one thousand five hundred quarts were sold, until the soup-kitchen act was passed after which time the demand decreased and the soup shop was closed on 22 July 1847. The total amount expended on the establishment was £327 17s. 8d[7].

Distribution of relief through rural areas was hampered by the difficulty of getting suitable agents. The persons whose acquaintance had been made

[1] R. Barclay Fox *Narrative of visit to some parts of the west of Ireland.*

[2] J. H. Tuke, *A visit to Connaught in the autumn of* 1847; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 41.

[3] W. Bennett, *Six weeks in Ireland.*

[4] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 41, 169–73.

[5] Ibid., pp. 42, 173–83, 194–204, 200–11; *Society of Friends: extracts from correspondence*, ii. 21–9.

[6] Ibid., pp. 53–4, 358–60; *Society of Friends: extracts from correspondence*, ii. 33, 41.

[7] Ibid., p. 41; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 54; P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Accounts of soup shop, 1A. 42, 162.

by visiting members and deputies of the central committee usually proved efficient agents[1]; but applicants from unvisited districts, unless their characters were already known to the committee, were required to answer a specially prepared query sheet. They had to refer the committee to some reliable person in Dublin who would testify to their *bona fides*. On these applications grants averaging from £10 to £20 were made, sometimes absolutely to meet urgent needs, but generally conditionally depending on local exertions. Further assistance was given provided the measures pursued in the first distribution were satisfactory. This system of small and frequent grants was adopted as a check against imposition. At first it was intended to enlist the aid of the local committees; but these, generally, were inactive in the most distressed localities, so individual agents had to be trusted in most instances. These were usually local gentry and clergymen of all persuasions, and their activities were found to be very satisfactory. A large proportion of grants were made also to ladies, who were particularly efficient almoners of relief as they generally conducted soup-kitchens[2].

In all two hundred and ninety-four boilers were distributed by the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, the bulk of them in Munster. Over half of the 7,848 tons of food distributed by the committee went to the same province; Connacht, Ulster and Leinster benefited in decreasing proportions. The total value of the boilers, food and money given out for gratuitous distribution was £151,114 1s. 0d., of which £20,700 15s. 6d. was given in cash. From February to August 1847 over £1,000 was given out weekly, and in mid-May over £7,000 was distributed in one week. From September 1847 these grants were gradually decreased and ultimately ceased in the end of 1849[3].

III

From the time of its formation the central committee had considered the necessity for forwarding meal to some of the western ports. After some discussion it was decided that it was not desirable to make shipment of any of those articles in which merchants usually dealt; but several articles of food the use of which was almost unknown in the remote districts were considered of importance and it was decided that they should be supplied. Rice was looked upon as particularly important as it was found to be a corrective to the digestive complaints which had become prevalent. Two steamers were placed at the disposal of the committee by the admiralty, one chartered at public expense and the other the property of the government, the *Albert* and the *Scourge*, and were despatched under the supervision of George Hancock and Edmund Richards who volunteered

[1] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p 39.
[2] Ibid., pp. 55–6; *Society of Friends: extracts from correspondence*, i. 16; ii. 49–63; P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Grantees books, 1A. 42. 116–19.
[3] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 468–73.

their services as supercargoes. The cargoes consisted mainly of peas, beans, rice, tapioca, biscuit and American beef and some Indian meal. Boilers were also sent, but the result was not too satisfactory as they sometimes fell into incompetent hands. There was also some loss and waste of provisions because of the lack of suitable stores and competent agents[1].

The government assisted the committee by accepting from it the cargoes which arrived from America and by placing these provisions in the commissariat depots. The committee was then credited with the value of these provisions and was allowed to draw on any of the government stores to an equal value. This facilitated the distribution of food, as it made it possible to make local issues almost immediately after the arrival of a cargo in Dublin. This also removed the danger of attacks on supplies and saved considerable expense in transport[2]. The arrangement, however, was not adequate during July and August 1847 as the committee's grants in those months consisted mainly of rice and the government depots were in a position to deliver only meal or flour. The food could not be transmitted to the distressed districts on arrival from America without great expense and delay, so it was decided that these cargoes not already handed over to the commissariat should be sold. When the depots were closed in August the government paid the committee for the balance of food then remaining in their stores. In all £37,544 19s. 6d. was realised from these sales[3]. Clothing, which was stored in some of these depots, was handed over to persons in the locality to keep until distribution was necessary in the following winter.[4] While closing the commissariat stores from August onwards the government gave every facility to the committee towards establishing private depots where they thought necessary[5].

Appeals for aid to the committee fluctuated in accordance with the progress and alterations of the government schemes. When the wholesale reductions of the numbers employed on the public works were ordered in March 1847, the consequent distress led to the increase of the committee's weekly outlay. The committee issued circulars to the inspecting officers of each union in Connacht, west Munster and Donegal with a view to getting full information regarding the extent of the distress expected before the new soup-kitchen act could be put into operation. It was then proposed that assistance should be given to those districts to bridge the gap, provided that the relief commission recommended that equal assistance should be given by the treasury[6]. Sir John Burgoyne refused to

[1] Ibid., pp. 57–8; *Society of Friends: extracts from correspondence*, ii. 30–1.
[2] *Freeman's Jn.*, 1 May 1847; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 64, 369–71.
[3] Ibid., p. 66.
[4] P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Routh and Trevelyan correspondence, Routh to J. Pim and J. Bewley, 22 July 1847, 1A 42. 38.
[5] S.P.O., IV, 6, 12, Govt. correspondence bk. 75, p. 343.
[6] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 362–5; P.R.O.I., Relief Commission papers, No. 17293, Bewley to Burgoyne, 5 Apr. 1847, 1A. 50.71.

make this recommendation[1]; and, as the Central Relief Committee's funds alone were inadequate for such a large-scale operation, the project had to be dropped.[2] However, though the extensive plan suggested could not be implemented, the committee and its auxiliaries gave every possible assistance towards the introduction of the new government scheme[3]. The increased rate of distribution would have soon depleted the funds of the committee, were it not for the seasonable arrival of the American provisions.[4] It was suggested during the summer that the committee should conserve its funds to aid in the introduction of the new poor law scheme in August 1847[5], but the funds were too depleted to allow of any extensive help in that work. Instead it was decided to confine future grants to assist mainly the aged and infirm and young children. Suggestions made during the winter of 1847-8 and in June 1849, that the more extended scheme of operations should be resumed, were not acceded to as the re-organisation of soup-kitchens was thought inadvisable as it might interfere with the poor law relief. In August 1849, however, the London committee gave £2,000 to the Dublin body for distribution among small farmers who were much distressed and were excluded from relief under the poor law by the quarter acre clause. Grants not exceeding £3 each were given to members of this class and were of great assistance to many of them.[6]

The necessity for providing clothing for the poor received the attention of a special sub-committee from 28 January 1847. Appeals for cast-off clothing and money for a clothing fund were circulated in England, and in response two hundred and ten bales of clothing, including old and new garments and rugs and some lengths of material, and £2,464 10s. 10d. in cash were received. Of the latter sum £645 8s. 9d. was given by the central committee. On 10 July 1847 the sub-committee ceased its activities; but as winter approached again the need for renewed activity was felt and, as the distribution of clothing would not interfere with the poor law, a new sub-committee was formed on November 18. The funds for this body were all obtained from the central committee and amounted to £6,333 2s. 6d., of which £6,116 4s. 3d. was expended on the purchase of clothing. In so far as was possible the clothing purchased was manufactured in Ireland, and it was required that a portion of their value should be repaid by the recipients. The repayments amounted to £1,377 6s. 1d. Some packages of old and new clothes were also received from America and were distributed. The Cork and Waterford auxiliary committees were

[1] Ibid., No. 19570, Burgoyne to Bewley, 13 April 1847, 1A. 50, 71; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 365–6; *Cork Constitution*, 18 May 1847.

[2] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 366–7.

[3] Society of Friends' Historical Library, Limerick committee minute book, 24 April 1847.

[4] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 62–3.

[5] P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Routh and Trevelyan correspondence, Routh to Pim and Bewley, 19 July 1847, 1A. 42, 38.

[6] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 67–8, 93–5, 375, 452–8.

given special clothing grants and a donation of £25 was given to the Ladies Relief Association by the central committee, which expended £7,772 6s. 2d. altogether on clothing—of which £1,756 18s. 9d. was repaid.[1]

IV

Though the widespread distress of the famine made it impossible to do little more than attempt to meet immediate needs in 1847, suggestions were made that the central committee should assist in the more fundamental work of promoting agriculture. In March 1847 the Waterford auxiliary committee proposed the distribution of seed. The central body did not undertake this work at that time, though the Waterford committee did distribute a small quantity[2]; and William Bennett, a London member of the Society of Friends, spent six weeks in the west of Ireland distributing seed purchased by his own and private contributions.[3] At the end of May, however, Randolph Routh, who was in charge of the government food depots, placed about 40,000 pounds of green crop seed in the hands of the central committee. The government had failed to find purchasers for these; so, at this late stage, the committee was asked to distribute them. By using the mails and other quick modes of transport, this was effected in a very short time. In the spring of 1848 the committee, impressed with the success of the work of the previous year, appointed a sub-committee to carry into effect a larger distribution.[4] It was decided that aid should not be given towards potato sowing but simply to the growing of green crops.[5] Small quantities of carrot, parsnip and cabbage seed were purchased, but turnips formed the bulk of the seed distributed. In all 122,872 *lbs.* of seed were purchased, while 10,924 *lbs.* of seed—including oats, barley, mangolds and beans—were received from Routh in this second season. The grants were wholly gratuitous and were made to 148,094 persons, scattered throughout most counties of Ireland, at a cost of £6,271 14s. 2d[6].

From the beginning of the activities of the committee the state of the fisheries had occupied attention, and in January 1847 William Edward Forster reported that fishing at Dunfanaghy, county Donegal, was very poor owing to the use of primitive tackle,[7] while at Claddagh the fishermen had pawned their equipment.[8] Forster gave these latter some grants to

[1] Ibid., pp. 70, 72–3, 376–84.
[2] Ibid., p. 75.
[3] Ibid., pp. 40, 160, 165; Bennett, *Six weeks in Ireland.*
[4] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 76–7.
[5] S.P.O., 1A, 17B, 5A, C.S.O. Miscellaneous official collection, 1840–9, Wm. Todhunter to Routh, [May] 1848.
[6] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 77 387–9; P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Memorandums (W. Todhunter) 1845–6 1A, 42, 142.
[7] J. H. Tuke, *Narrative of 2nd, 3rd, and 4th weeks of W. Forster's journey*, p. 6.
[8] *Narrative of W. E. Forster's visit in Ireland, from the 18th to the 26th of 1st month* 1847, p. 5; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 78–9, 159.

redeem their nets and repair their boats, and a loan of £50 for a similar purpose was given to fishermen at Arklow.[1] The auxiliary committee at Waterford gave small loans to the fishermen of Ring to enable them to replace their nets and tackle. These loans were later repaid. The central committee gave a loan to two Scotchmen towards establishing a fish-curing station in the same place. This project gave good promise of success, but failed to live up to expectations as the organisers turned their interests to farming, which resulted in a forced sale of their property. The assistance to the Ring fishermen was, however, eminently successful and very few of them were forced to emigrate. Fishing stations were established at Ballinakill Bay, near Clifden, Achill Sound, Belmullet and Castletownbere. At this latter place a fish curing-house was also set up and lasted for some years, but the fishing stations were not very successful[2]. Fishing gear, money and clothes were also given to fishermen at various other points along the west coast and on Lough Neagh[3]. A trawler was hired to assist the Castletownbere station, and it inspected the fishing grounds in the south and west; but the result showed that more complete knowledge of the sea-bed was necessary before the fisheries could be expanded with much success[4]. The London committee engaged Arthur Chard, a fishing captain from Falmouth, to give lectures to fishermen at Claddagh on improved methods of fishing[5]. With a similar purpose the Limerick auxiliary committee issued instructive broadsheets[6]. It was thought at one time that the Society of Friends was starting a private fishing company[7]. If this had been done, it is possible that the assistance to fishing would not have caused expenditure, without return, of £4,844 17s. 4d., as it did. Despite the financial failure of these schemes, they must have exercised a beneficial influence on fishing methods and certainly, by redeeming the nets and tackle, they must have saved many families from destitution.

A portion of the funds of the central committee was applied to assisting industrial schools in which girls were taught knitting and sewed muslin work. Some support was also given to the manufacture of lace, and Rev. Mr. Gildea was given assistance in his effort to introduce the manufacture of linen into Newport. A sum of £500 was granted at the end of 1848 to the Belfast Ladies Industrial Association for Connaught which was organised by Dr. John Edgar; but the biggest clothing project which came under the consideration of the committee was a proposal to establish

[1] P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Memorandums (W. Todhunter) 1845–6, ff. 55–6, 1A, 42, 142.

[2] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 80–3, 391–404; John Alcock, *Facts from the fisheries, part fourth*, p. 3; Ditto, *part fifth*, p. 3.

[3] P.R.O.I., Society of Friends papers, Memorandums (W. Todhunter) 1845–6, 1A, 42, 142; Society of Friends Historical Library, Hodgkin correspondence, No. 4.

[4] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 83–4, 405–15.

[5] *Third report London committee of the Society of Friends*, p.v.; Society of Friends Historical Library, Hodgkin correspondence, No. 4.

[6] Ibid., No. 3.

[7] *Nation*, 3 July 1847.

a flannel factory in Galway. A weaver from Yorkshire was invited over in March 1848 and visited Mayo and Galway. He reported that there was a considerable supply of wool of good quality in Connemara and proposed the establishment of a mill to employ about one hundred and fifty persons. The capital required was about £2,000; so the committee decided that it could not undertake such a business on its own account; but offered to advance £1,500 by way of loan if one or two trustworthy persons of skill and knowledge of the business would undertake it. This offer was not accepted; so the project fell through[1].

When the most severe distress of the spring and summer of 1847 had passed, the committee inaugurated a long-term policy for agricultural improvement. In February 1848 about 900 acres of land were taken by the committee for one year under an agreement with Colonel George Vaughan Jackson of Carramore near Ballina, county Mayo, and with other proprietors in that area. These lands were cultivated by spade labour which gave extensive employment and, though the sale of the crops failed to meet the expenses, the results were not unsatisfactory in that practical instruction was given in the cultivation of green crops. In the same year an advance of money was made to Lord Wallscourt of Ardfry, county Galway, and in 1849 to Colonel P. A. Knox Gore of Belleek Manor, county Mayo, and to the Rev. George Sidney Smith of Aghalurcher, county Fermanagh, for similar work[2]. In March 1849 a loan of £500 was given to Hay Brothers of Ballina and the sum of £200 was lent to Colonel Gore to establish a rettery and flax scutching mill[3].

A further undertaking of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends with the object of improving Irish agriculture was the leasing of a farm of 650 acres at Colmanstown, county Galway, in September 1848[4]. Edward Bewley was appointed superintendent of the farm at a salary of £300 per annum[5]. A grant of £13,500 was made to enable the controlling committee to purchase implements, erect buildings and pay the current expenses[6]. The objects of the project were to exhibit, by a liberal use of capital, the possibility of developing the agricultural resources of Ireland and to provide training in an agricultural school for as many young men as possible[7]. This model farm continued in existence for some years; but during the severe distress of 1863 it was decided to dispose of the farm, and the money thus obtained, £2,096 16s. 6d., together with other funds remaining from the great famine, was dispensed to alleviate suffering in the west. During this famine of the 'sixties' £7,565 5s. 3d.

[1] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 77–8, 84–6, 91–2, 436–8.
[2] Ibid., pp. 87–9, 415–33.
[3] Ibid., pp. 90–1, 434–5.
[4] Ibid., p. 95.
[5] Society of Friends Historical Library, Minute book of the model farm committee, p. 1.
[6] Ibid., p. 2; *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 96, 481.
[7] Ibid., pp. 96, 459–60; Society of Friends Historical Library, Minute book of model farm committee, p. 2.

was distributed by the Central Relief Committee, and the residue on hands after that, £356 17s. 10d., was given to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Donnybrook, thus terminating the activities of the committee[1].

In their work in Ireland at this time the Quakers lived up to their highest traditions of philanthropy. As a body they set an example of the greatest rectitude and most profound charity. Their assistance was given to the poor, irrespective of religion, and there was not the slightest breath of suspicion cast on their motives. They earned the gratitude of the people for their great sacrifices; for the giving of assistance to the destitute in those tragic famine years was fraught with danger of infection and death from the virulent typhus which spread through the country. Their measures of relief showed an initiative which was lacking in most of the other relief associations. The introduction of soup-kitchens had the beneficial effect of providing properly cooked food and the government, realising the utter failure of relief by public works, used the Society of Friends' system as the model for their Soup-Kitchen Act of spring 1847.

The real merit of the activities of the Quakers, or at least their greatest ultimate value, lay not in the immediate steps taken to alleviate distress but in the approach to the fundamental economic causes of poverty in Ireland. The numbers whose lives they saved will never be known, but their views on land tenure helped to mould public opinion. The members of the Central Relief Committee had little pecuniary interest in land either as owners or as occupiers.[2] In spite of this, or perhaps because of the impartial view they were thus able to get of the landlord and tenant question, they were convinced that the root evil of the Irish economic problem lay in the system of land tenure. One of the secretaries of the committee, Jonathan Pim, the head of a prominent Dublin business firm and later M.P. for Dublin, published some studies of the question,[3] and his influence is quite apparent in the valuable and detailed report of the Central Relief Committee issued in 1852. The other secretary, Joseph Bewley, died in 1851 from the effects of the strain imposed on his health by his famine labours and so was unable to assist in preparing the report. In it, it was pointed out that legislation was necessary to regulate such problems as freedom of sale of land and fixity of tenure—with an equitable compensation to the tenants for improvements and to the landlords for losses incurred.[4] Had they never distributed one penny, the publication of the report alone would have been sufficient to merit for the committee the gratitude of Ireland.

THOMAS P. O'NEILL

[1] *Final report of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends*, pp. 7–8, 10–11, 55.
[2] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, p. 4.
[3] *Observations on the evils resulting to Ireland from the insecurity of title and the existing laws of real property* (Dublin, 1847); *The condition and prospects of Ireland*, (Dublin, 1848).
[4] *Trans. Cent. Rel. Comm. Soc. of Friends*, pp. 108–28c.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD SOCIETY

BY REV. JOHN BRADY

FORTY years ago, in June 1910, the late Monsignor MacCaffrey read a paper at the Maynooth Union in which he stated : " Some people complain of the fact that there is no good up-to-date ecclesiastical history of Ireland, and wonder is expressed that somebody does not undertake such a work ; but until the manuscripts and various records and documents which serve to throw light upon the religious history of the country are thoroughly examined, no man who understands the elements of historical method would care to undertake such a responsibility. Without the proper materials such a complete and accurate generalization as is demanded in an ecclesiastical history of Ireland would prove too much for the most gifted individual. Hence the date of the appearance of a reliable history of the Catholic Church in Ireland is dependent entirely upon the examination and publication of the sources of our ecclesiastical history."

Such a history is still unwritten ; and there is little prospect of its compilation being undertaken in the near future, although some of the difficulties visualized by Dr. MacCaffrey have disappeared. Considerable progress has been made in historical research, new scholars have arisen and new light has been shed on old problems ; but his contention still holds good. Towards the end of his life he saw the establishment of a Commission to edit and publish, with public funds, documents relating to Irish history ; and he was invited to join that body. Students of ecclesiastical history are greatly indebted to the Irish Manuscripts Commission for the very considerable material it has made available ; but the existence of this body does not dispense with the need for another organization which came into being through the inspiration of Dr. MacCaffrey's paper. This was the Catholic Record Society, which was established in June 1911 for the purpose of editing and publishing documents relating to Irish ecclesiastical history. It still exists ; but with difficulty and its future is uncertain unless it receives a wider measure of support.

Similar societies had already been organized on the continent and in America. Nearer home the sumptuous volumes published by the English Catholic Record Society (founded in 1904) must have been the envy of Catholic scholars here. It was well known that an immense mass of material invaluable for the ecclesiastical history of Ireland lay buried in the libraries of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the Public Record Office, the Franciscan Friary, Merchants' Quay (now at Dún Mhuire, Killiney) and in private collections. Outside Ireland treasures virtually untouched awaited investigation in the archives of Propaganda, Salamanca, the British Museum, the London Record Office, the Bodleian library, the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris and the Burgundian library, Brussels, to mention only

the more obvious places. No one individual could hope to become acquainted with the tithe of this material unless it were made accessible. The foundation of an Irish Record Society was over-due.

A committee was formed, and Dr. MacCaffrey was appointed Secretary of the Society and Editor of a new periodical publication, which was to be called *Archivium Hibernicum* or *Irish Historical Records*. The support of distinguished scholars such as Fr. John Begley, Fr. Ambrose Coleman, O.P., Canon Carrigan, Dr. E. A. D'Alton, Fr. E. B. Fitzmaurice, O.F.M., Dr. Henebry, Fr. A. Kelleher, Fr. J. MacErlean, S.J., Canon P. Power, Fr. Reginald Walsh, O.P., Fr. Paul Walsh, Barry O'Brien, M. J. McEnery, P. W. Joyce, Eóin Mac Neill, Tomás O'Máille, John Marcus O'Sullivan and Dr. Sigerson promised well for the future of the Society. In 1912 the first issue of *Archivium Hibernicum* appeared. It was a volume of 386 pages and contained a varied selection of 14 contributions. The material came from the Royal Irish Academy, the British Museum, the Public Record Office, Dublin, Trinity College, the Vatican archives, St. Isidore's and the Dominican archives, Rome, the Archives de la Haute Garonne, Toulouse, and the libraries of Maynooth and Stonyhurst.

At the annual meeting in 1912 the Secretary was able to report a membership of 350, which in the following year had reached over 500 and in 1914 was slightly over 650. In 1915, in spite of wartime conditions, the Secretary was glad to announce that, " in these times when so many societies are obliged to complain of decreased membership and decreased funds, the number of subscribers to the Catholic Record Society is considerably higher than it was last year". He was also able to announce that the Society hoped to publish Fr. Paul Walsh's edition of ' The Flight of the Earls ' ; and that Charles MacNeill's calendar of ' Alen's Register ' was completed and would be published in the following year. ' The Flight of the Earls', which had already appeared as appendices to volumes ii and iii was issued as a separate volume in March 1916. At the close of the same year the Secretary stated that, owing to the increased cost of publication, it had been " thought well to postpone the publication of ' Alen's Register ' and also to reduce for the time being the size of *Archivium Hibernicum*". Incidentally it was not found possible to publish ' Alen's Register'. This long-delayed volume will be published in the near future by the Royal Society of Antiquaries, with Charles MacNeill as editor.

On the formation of the Society the papers of the late Father Michael Costello, O.P., who had died in 1906, were placed at its disposal. Father Costello had worked for many years in the Vatican archives, copying the records of payments of Annates for benefices in pre-Reformation Ireland. His transcripts had been submitted to the British Government for publication by Father Ambrose Coleman, O.P., who was given custody of these papers after Father Costello's death ; but Father Coleman was unable to accept the conditions imposed by the British authorities and the

offer was withdrawn. In 1909 the payments recorded for all the diocese of the medieval province of Armagh were published at his own expense by Mr. William Tempest of Dundalk in a volume entitled *De Annatis Hiberniae : a Calendar of the First Fruits' Fees levied on papal appointments to benefices in Ireland, A.D.* 1400 *to* 1535. (Vol. I : Ulster). This volume was re-issued by the Catholic Record Society in 1912, and similar volumes were planned for the other three provinces of Dublin, Cashel and Tuam. Rising costs prevented the fulfilment of this ambitious scheme. The payments for the two dioceses of Dublin and Kildare were published as an appendix to vol. ii (1913) of *Archivium*, but the other payments for the province of Dublin have not yet been printed. The payments for the diocese of Killaloe were printed in vol. x (1943) and the payments for Limerick, Waterford and Lismore in vol. xii (1946). The payments for the province of Tuam will be printed in the near future.

In 1916 the decision was taken to reduce for the time being the size of *Archivium*. Volume v contained 204 pages, as compared with 364 pages in volume iv and 526 pages in volume iii. Some members had even suggested suspension of publication 'until the pressure in the printing trade is relieved'. Fortunately the Committee was sufficiently optimistic to carry on ; in 1917 volume vi contained 234 pages and an appendix of 164 pages. This was the final instalment of Fr. Paul Walsh's edition of *Genealogiae Regum et Sanctorum Hiberniae* by Michael O'Clery. The full text was issued as a separate volume in 1918. In this same year Dr. MacCaffrey became President of Maynooth College and relinquished the Chair of Ecclesiastical History. Henceforth his new duties absorbed all his attention, and volume vii of *Archivium* did not appear until 1921. It was seen through the press by Fr. Paul Walsh, who had succeeded Dr. Mac Caffrey in the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, but not as Secretary and Editor of the Record Society. With volume vii publication ceased for twenty years.

Meanwhile the tragic destruction of the Public Record Office had taken place, and many of the original contributors had died. One name may be singled out for special mention—that of Mgr. John Hagan, Rector of the Irish College in Rome. He was a most loyal supporter of the Society and, by his patriotic industry, brought to light a mass of invaluable material. In November 1914 Dr. MacCaffrey announced that Dr. Hagan "had gone to infinite trouble to assist the Society by securing transcripts of the documents relating to Ireland contained in the Vatican Library. . . . He has now completed his researches in the important Borghese Collection, so that we can be absolutely certain that in that department not a single document of interest for Irishmen has been left untouched." Mgr. Hagan also secured transcripts from the Archives of the Congregation of the Council, the Acta Consistorialia, the Nunciatura and other collections. It should be added that the Maynooth Union, which had paid all the initial

expenses incurred in founding the Record Society, contributed large sums to cover the cost of transcribing records for publication.

Mgr. Hagan strikes a pathetic note in the introduction to his final contribution in Volume vii. " It was my intention," he wrote, " to collect and arrange in chronological order practically all the Roman documents bearing on Irish history during the fateful Pontificate of Gregory xiii (May 1572 to April 1585). But as the laborious work of research advanced, it became apparent that the amount of material was much too large to be accommodated within the space of a single issue of the *Archivium*. Even were space available, the original intention would have been frustrated by circumstances over which I had no control—illness, the shadow of sickness and death in this institution (the Irish College, Rome), increased cares and anxieties arising therefrom, not to speak of difficulties and hindrances due to the war and not yet entirely eliminated, such as the difficulty of finding capable copyists at a time when the manhood of the country had had to exchange the pen for the sword and, last but not least, the dislocation introduced into the postal service by the needs of the Realm. . . . All that can be hoped for is that a future issue will afford an opportunity of supplying the unavoidable omissions of the present." The opportunity never came ; but Dr. Hagan's monument in the pages of *Archivium* is an eloquent tribute to a patriotic Irishman.

Dr. MacCaffrey died towards the close of 1935. In the following June a meeting was called to revive the Society. A new committee was formed with Dr. John F. O'Doherty as Secretary and Editor, and it was decided to seek new members for the Society and to re-issue *Archivium* at an early date. The task was not made easier by the outbreak of a new war ; but the first fruit of the revived Society, *Archivium Hibernicum* volume viii (with 246 pages) appeared in 1941. It contained this brief warning from the Editor : " The continuation of the new series now beginning will depend on adequate financial support (which I have little doubt will be forthcoming) and on the steady supply of materials suitable for publication." Since 1941 six volumes have been issued : ix (pp. 296) in 1942 ; x (pp. 210) in 1943 ; xi (pp. 156) in 1944 ; xii (pp. 202) in 1946 ; xiii (pp. 110) in 1947 ; and xiv (pp. 102) in 1949.

The gradual reduction in size has been due, not to lack of materials, but to the growing cost of printing and to lack of adequate support. As matters stand to-day, the position of the Society is serious and its future is uncertain. In their latest report the Treasurer and Secretary draw attention to the fact that the cost of publication is not met by the ordinary annual subscriptions : " until this is done, the finances cannot be said to be in a healthy condition. To defray the expenses of bringing out a volume of *Archivium Hibernicum*, we have to eat into capital." The annual subscriptions from 99 members in 1948 yielded £49 10s. 0d., while the cost of printing 400 copies of volume xii was more than three times that sum. It should be

added that, while some years ago the committee increased the annual subscription rate from 10s. to £1, it was decided not to enforce the new rate until the volumes can be restored to their original size.

The future of the Catholic Record Society rests with the Irish people. They can keep it alive by their active support or allow it to lapse by their indifference. In the past the Society has amply justified its existence by the varied collection of documents published in its seventeen volumes. Some of the records which it has printed, such as the Reports on the State of Popery in 1731, Catholic episcopal wills and documents, and the Commonwealth Records, have since been destroyed. A vast and varied number of records still await publication. Given adequate support, the Record Society can do work of great national importance for many years to come. The governments of other countries have established Schools of History in Rome and have sponsored the publication of volumes such as *Analecta Vaticano-Belgica*, which contain documents of Irish interest. So far Catholic Ireland has had to depend on the industry of a small group of scholars and on the public spirit of a few hundred supporters. At a time when other countries are concentrating so much wealth, ability and energy on the discovery of more potent methods of destruction is it too much to hope that Irishmen will come to the aid of an organization whose aim is to rescue and preserve the records of our great spiritual heritage?

JOHN BRADY

REVIEWS

APOLOGETICS

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. By Arthur Ryan, D.D., D.Ph. Dublin: Clonmore and Reynolds. 1948. 8s. 6d.

MGR. Ryan's small, but learned and attractive, book is meant for the intelligent earnest seeker after the Church of Christ. The man whom the author envisages—who would presumably accept Christ and the New Testament—would ask himself the question: Did Christ establish a Church and, if He did, where is it to be found to-day? The answer to these questions could come only with the answers to several other questions, which would involve an examination of the Scriptures and a survey of Church history. At the end of such a prolonged search our intelligent and persistent inquirer would be able to give himself answers to the questions that are involved in his original ones. Some of these further questions would be: Did Christ really found a Church? Was it a visible church? Did He mean it to impose a definite teaching and definite conditions of membership? Or did He mean it to be merely a loose moral union of those who, in a general way, approved of Christ? What was the nature of the Church's government? Did Christ found a priesthood and, if so, what powers did He confer on them? Did He give any special privileges to His Church

to enable it to maintain His doctrine? Or did He trust to mere human reason and commonsense to preserve or even to modify, in the light of experience and under changing conditions, that teaching? And most important question: Are there any notes or marks by which His Church may be distinguished with certainty? These questions could be answered only by an examination of the writings in which the foundation of the Church is described.

But our inquirer would have some further difficulties which could be answered only by an appeal to history. How can we account for the disturbing spectacle of rival churches each claiming to be the church of Christ? The great family of Eastern churches—the Greek, Russian, Orthodox, Uniate—how can such a division be explained, theologically and historically? And more important because closer to us locally: the Protestant churches with their numerous divisions—what causes led to that most lamentable division of the seamless robe of Christ?

But not even yet would that exigent inquirer whom Mgr. Ryan confronts be satisfied. He sees serious difficulties for the modern mind in being a Catholic. He would have intellectual difficulties in reconciling his national autonomy with an infallible teaching authority; artistic difficulties in accepting the limits and restraints which morality will present; social difficulties in assigning their due rights to God and to Caesar in the modern, highly-centralised, state.

In that wide field of inquiry Mgr. Ryan is a most competent guide. The questions and difficulties just mentioned give an idea of the wide area which the book covers. The difficulties are faced honestly and the answers are genuine answers which should satisfy any inquirer who will give them a hearing and weigh them with an open mind. Every page of the book gives proof of scholarship and wide reading; but the learning is carried lightly and is at perfect command.

Special praise should be given for the wideness of the survey. The apologist of the Church, as a rule, considers only the Catholic Church; Mgr. Ryan's attention to the historical divisions or rather corporate defections from the Church of Christ and his account of the separated religious bodies, which survive and challenge the adherence of our inquirer, are particularly helpful. The book cannot be too warmly commended—especially to those who have to do with converts.

H. K.

THE FAITH OF THE ROMAN CHURCH. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London: Sheed and Ward. 1950. 7s. 6d.

THIS volume of 130 pages was originally published over twenty years ago in a series called " The Faiths ", in which leading members of different religious bodies gave an account of their beliefs. As it was destined, like the other members of the series, for the general public, it was written not as a professional work of theology but in a popular manner. It was a happy thought of Messrs. Sheed and Ward to rescue the book from the ranks of a moribund series and give it a new lease of life on its own merits. The book is altogether too valuable to be allowed to remain out of print.

It is called by its new publishers " the most concise yet inclusive statement of the Catholic faith in English "; and anyone who has read it will endorse that high commendation. It is closely reasoned, packed with theology, and yet it remains readable and fresh—written, as it is, with the author's distinctive style. A glance at the index will show at once how much of Catholic teaching is brought into the compass of a small book, yet handled clearly and satisfactorily.

The teaching covers the life and eternity of man, and is thus Catholic and universal. It is a map of man's destiny, small but clear and rightly proportioned. It starts with man, that inhabitant of the earth who is unique in the fact that he is at once animal and spirit. In virtue of his intellect and will he is meant to dominate

his instincts and to shape and order his life by some higher law, the law imposed on him by his Creator. The place of God in life is expounded with cogency and vigour, and the old explanations of belief in God, which the anthropologists and the students of comparative religions gave, are shown to be utterly flimsy. The few pages on the proofs for the existence of God, on His attributes, of our knowledge of Him, of His supreme place in human life, are an excellent example of the two qualities which distinguish the book: precision of thought and freshness of treatment.

After the chapter on foundations comes naturally a chapter on revelation, which treats of Christ and the Church. It is the longest and the most important chapter, because it deals with the central dogmas of Christianity: the Person of Christ; the Incarnation; His teaching, miracles, claims; the purpose and results of His Passion and Resurrection. The remaining chapters deal with the work of the Church and its place in the world.

The little book is a marvel of compression and cogency. It is as personal as an essay, and yet it is based on an articulated and systematic plan. The missionary priest and even the professional theologian will find it a help and an inspiration; but its chief appeal will naturally be to the intelligent layman, to whom it will give a more exalted and coherent view of his Faith.

H. K.

ELECTED SILENCE. By Thomas Merton.
SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION. By Thomas Merton. Dublin: Clonmore & Reynolds, 1949. 15s. and 8s. 6d.

BEFORE its appearance in these islands, *Elected Silence*, under the name *Seven Storey Mountain*, was already having a huge circulation in America; something like half a million copies have been printed. It is surely a strange turn of events: a young university graduate with literary ambitions earns a precarious livelihood by teaching, but of all his writings can only get some book reviews printed. When he is twenty-three, after a long struggle with himself he becomes a Catholic, and a year or so later decides to bury all his earthly hopes and ambitions in the utter seclusion of a Trappist monastery. There, at the bidding of his Abbot, he writes the story of his life, and *Seven Storey Mountain* takes America by storm.

Thomas Merton was born in 1915 in the South of France. His artist father came from New Zealand, and had come to France to paint. His mother was American. When he was a year old the family went to America. Nine years later, his mother being dead, his father, who after a long struggle had made a success with his paintings, brought his two sons back to France, the one country in which Thomas felt completely at home, in spite of the bitter memories of his time at the Lycée. After a couple of years they went to England, where he went to school, and, at eighteen, won a scholarship at Cambridge. He was an omnivorous reader and absorbed from his reading all kinds of influences, good and bad. The good ones came from a variety of sources: Gerard Manley Hopkins, Dryden, Blake, and, oddly enough, James Joyce. During a vacation at Rome he caught an intimate glimpse of the inner meaning of the Catholic Church, and seemed to be on the verge of conversion; but the vision faded and left a blank. After a year at Cambridge, during which he steadily cut his lectures, he went to New York to visit his grand-parents, and stayed there. At Columbia University he was fascinated for a while by Communism, but it did not bite very deep. Then he picked up a copy of Gilson's *Spirit of Mediaeval Philosophy*, and from it he got an idea of God that was wholly new to him: that God is not just the Ruler and Taskmaster, the 'celestial Drill-Sergeant' of Carlyle, but the source and origin of all being, whether existent or possible. Blake's poems, on which he wrote his Graduate thesis, made him feel that the only real life was a life directed to God and inspired

by the sense of His Presence. But this remained still for him in the region of theory and vague aspiration. Three Jewish friends and a wandering Hindu monk (who recommended him to read St. Augustine's *Confessions* and the *Imitation of Christ*), helped him towards the light. In the end he went to a priest, was instructed and baptized, and felt that he had come home. He struggled with the feeling that something more was wanting to him—" Go, sell what thou hast . . ."—and in the end he offered himself to the Trappist Monastery of Gethsemani in Kentucky, and was accepted.

He tells the story very simply but very vividly. Each of the characters in it—his father, his American grand-parents Pop and Bonnemaman, his friends at Columbia—are portrayed with a great economy of descriptive epithet but with an effect of absolute reality. His account of his inner life, of his struggles and failures, has the note of truth, of something not merely felt or imagined but really experienced.

Some readers will perhaps find that he is very much occupied with himself, and may be inclined to suspect something morbid about it. The same thing has been said at times about St. Paul, St. Augustine, the two Saints Teresa, John Henry Newman, and many others who have told the story of their inner lives. The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, which have had and still have so great an influence in the Church, have been criticised in our time as ' egocentric '. They do in fact require the exercitant to study himself very closely. But there are different ways of being occupied with oneself. I may set in the foreground of my interest my pleasures, my career in the world, the development of my powers, even my personal holiness, regarded as an end in itself ; or I may set before myself the object for which God made me, an object which has its end not in me but in God, God's loving desire to express Himself in me, to dwell by His Holy Spirit in my soul, to irradiate it with His Glory and to make it a channel through which His grace can reach other souls. If I do, it is incumbent on me to scrutinise my spirit, to see how far I am lending myself to His purpose, and how far on the other hand I am hindering His work in me by my multiform selfishness. The so-called ' egocentrism ' of Ignatius was all directed ' ad majorem Dei gloriam ', and we shall search in vain for anything morbid in the self-preoccupation of Paul, Augustine, Newman—or, I venture to add, of Father Louis, formerly Thomas Merton. He is, indeed, very conscious of the dangerous presence of " this shadow, this double, this writer who had followed me into the cloister. . . . He stands and meets me in the doorway of all my prayers, and follows me into church. He kneels with me behind the pillar, the Judas, and talks to me all the time in my ear ". But his superiors have told him to write, and obedience and the knowledge of the danger are his safeguards.

In *Seeds of Contemplation* he has gathered and arranged a number of jottings made at odd moments about the interior life. For one who had been for so short a time a monk, or even a Christian, he shows a surprising familiarity with the writings of the great mystics ; and one can feel that he has not merely assimilated their doctrine intellectually, he has lived it. For instance, his first chapter (which gives its title to the book) recalls, even in its phraseology, Caussade's *Self-abandonment to Divine Providence ;* but Caussade (if it was Caussade) has sown in his soul a seed which has germinated richly, and the chapter is not Caussade's but Thomas Merton's.

Here and there he seems to show a certain youthful intolerance of people who have not, in one respect or other, got quite the right view of the interior life. Again, true mysticism is at once very close to pantheism and totally opposed to it. The doctrine of this book seems to me very sound, but at times it would perhaps have been well if the author had been more on his guard against being misunderstood, and had made more provision for the unlearned and the unwary among his readers. Nevertheless, the book is one that it would be a great pity to have missed reading.

M. F. E.

THE WORDS OF THE MASS: The Ordinary and Canon. An Explanation by Reuben Butler, S.J. Dublin: Clonmore and Reynolds. 1948. 7s. 6d.

THE MASS: A Historical Commentary. By Dom Bede Lebbe, O.S.B. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1949. 8s. 6d.

IT is not easy to expound the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass, or to state that doctrine in the terms of the developed Roman rite with which the faithful are now so familiar. Hence the many books on the Mass appearing in recent years: all so many efforts to help the people to know and to pray the Mass. Here are two more, two with modest scope admirably realised.

Fr. Butler's aim, the publisher tells us, is " to guide the ordinary layfolk through the whole action and structure of the Mass". After a brief explanation of Sacrifice and the Sacrifice of the Mass, the author explains the rite of the Mass just as those present see it performed before them. In parallel columns in Latin and English he gives the Ordinary (unchanging part) of the Mass, and then develops phrase by phrase the translation. These developments help the reader to understand the prayers and the references in them, to enter into them and make them his own. Whether they just read through the book, or use it to meditate upon the Mass, or take it with them to church to follow the Mass, the " ordinary layfolk " for whom the book was written—and others too—will be grateful for the help this book can give.

In his Historical Commentary Dom Bede Lebbe, O.S.B. carries the reader rather further afield into the development of the rite of the Mass as we now have it. The chapters of the book are based on a series of articles which the author published in *Good Counsel* some years ago to help readers to a better understanding of the Mass. Written independently of each other, these two books complement each other. Besides the general reader, teachers in schools will find this book of Dom Lebbe very helpful.

One of several useful appendices is devoted to the Dialogue Mass, stating what is meant and intended by this form of participation by the laity in the offering of the Sacrifice and showing what forms the " dialogue " can take. Since this book was written the Encyclical " Mediator Dei " has appeared giving the highest authoritative commendation to efforts to help the people to participate more fully in the Mass by singing at High Mass and by reciting the responses and certain prayers in the Dialogue Mass.

Dom Lebbe's book commends itself to the careful attention of Superiors and Chaplains in boarding schools of both boys and girls, for it is in them that the requisite preparation for a fitting participation by the congregation in both the High Mass and the Dialogue Mass can most readily be made. It should be noted that " Mediator Dei " requires the approval of the Bishop of the diocese for the adoption of the Dialogue Mass.

G. F.

ENGLISH LAW AND CHRISTIAN TRADITION

THE KING'S GOOD SERVANT. Papers read to the Thomas More Society of London. Edited by Richard O'Sullivan. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1948. 8s. 6d. net.

UNDER GOD AND THE LAW. Papers read to the Thomas More Society of London. Second Series. Edited by Richard O'Sullivan. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1949. 10s. 6d. net.

IN the Thomas More Society, which was founded in 1928 under the presidency of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, some leading members of the Bench and Bar of England are grouped together in an attempt to defend the Christian tradition of

English law against the steady infiltration of positivist and secularist jurisprudence. At each of their meetings a paper is read or a lecture delivered by some distinguished guest, and it was indeed a happy thought to make these admirable contributions available to a wider public. For this we are primarily indebted to Mr. Richard O'Sullivan, K.C., who has not merely edited both the present volumes but prefixed to each of them a luminous survey of the issues on which the whole future of English law depends. It is no depreciation of the guest lecturers to say that the editor's own contributions will command even closer attention, at least among lawyers—and these works deserve the widest circulation among lawyers in this country.

The Common law of England is the only great legal system in the world whose origins are entirely and indisputably Christian. All other systems are derived to a greater or less extent from the Roman law, and the foundations of Roman law were well and truly laid long before the days of Constantine. Hence right through history there has been a certain tension, sometimes latent, sometimes open, between the theory of Roman law and the teaching of the Christian Church (which, paradoxically enough, has used this system as a framework for its own Canon law) on such fundamental questions as the source of law, the nature and extent of political authority, the claims of religion, and the rights of the individual against the State. To all of these questions the Common law, at least in its formative period, returned unequivocally Christian answers. The great architects of the system during the later Middle Ages were all versed in theology and scholastic philosophy, and this ' larger faith ' is clearly reflected in the work, say, of Bracton. The title of the second of these volumes preserves a memorable example. In contrast to the Roman doctrine of the unlimited and illimitable power of the *princeps*—' quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem '—Bracton declares that ' the king must be under God and the law '. Here in a nutshell is the difference between the totalitarian and the free state.

How far has the Common law remained faithful to these lofty origins? Even to-day it can claim to be the system which shows most respect for the rights of the individual citizen, and this explains the admiration which Pius XI more than once expressed for it during the last years of his life. Yet Mr. O'Sullivan has no difficulty in showing that from the time of Henry VIII the older synthesis between Christianity and freedom has been disturbed. It was precisely because of his refusal to acknowledge that ' what has seemed good to the prince has the force of law '—or in other words that the king is *not* ' under God and the law '—that St. Thomas More mounted the scaffold to ' die in and for the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, the King's good servant, but God's first '. Ever since, slowly but steadily, the magnificent structure has sagged and grown lopsided. The ' sovereignty of Parliament ' has become a fetish before which more and more jurists (and alas, judges) have burned incense. The positivist jurisprudence of Bentham and Austin, which has long enjoyed a monopoly in the universities and law schools, has powerfully reinforced this totalitarian concept by insisting that the validity and authority of every legal rule is based solely on the ' command ' of the State.

The extent to which legal positivism has become endemic in the minds of English lawyers was grimly illustrated in a recent pronouncement by the leader of the English Bar. ' Parliament,' said Sir Hartley Shawcross, ' is sovereign ; it can make any laws. It could ordain that all blue-eyed babies should be destroyed at birth ; but it has been recognized that it is no good passing laws unless you can be reasonably sure that, in the eventualities which they contemplate, those laws can be enforced '. Was it by mere oversight that the Attorney General omitted to cite the decree of Herod the Great as a ' persuasive precedent ' in favour of this positivist and pragmatist view of law?

If such views are to be taken seriously, the Common law in England no longer provides any real barrier against totalitarianism. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that all the papers printed here (except for two or three which deal with More's early life or his non-legal writings) should be concerned with the refutation of legal Positivism in its various aspects. They are all eminently worth reading, though space will not permit me to deal with them separately. If I were asked to make a choice among those of the first series, I would pick the magnificent lecture by Maritain on ' la philosophie du droit ', and among those of the second series the late Archbishop Goodier's paper ' Jesus and the lawyers '.

D. A. B.

Biography and Autobiography

TOM CULLEN OF BALTIMORE. By Judith Robinson. Oxford University Press. 1949. $3.50.

Told in characteristic American style, this is the story of the career of the grandson of an Irish emigrant who left Ireland at the Famine period. The family settled in Ontario where Thomas Cullen, future surgeon and pathologist, was born in 1868. His early life was one of hardship and a continuous struggle against adversity. Part of the fees required for his medical education at the university of Toronto was acquired by his acting as a deliverer of daily newspapers till he was qualified—and to do this work it was necessary for him to rise every morning at 3.30 o'clock.

Soon after graduation in 1890, Cullen became assistant pathologist in the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. The time of his graduation was a transition one in surgery, when the great work of Pasteur was beginning to revolutionise its whole field. The older surgeons were finding it hard to take germs seriously, and a good many did not even try. Cullen used to describe the first operation he saw in 1890. The surgeon, a well-known one, put the knife between his teeth after making an incision, held it there while he tied off a blood vessel, and then took it out and went on with the operation ! And as late as 1893, when Cullen was visiting London, he heard one of the most brilliant of English surgeons tell his students that bacteriology was " all poppycock ", and then saw him proceed with his operation with no more preparation than rolling back the cuffs of his black Prince Albert coat ! In other ways, too, modern surgery was in its infancy. There were as yet no X-ray for guidance, no gloves, no blood transfusion or plasma for emergencies ; and surgery was dependent, to an extent unimaginable nowadays, on the operator's speed and the patient's stamina.

After his return from a six months' study course in Germany in 1893—the year in which the Johns Hopkins medical school was opened—Cullen was given charge there of gynaecological pathology. Four years later he was appointed associate professor of gynaecology, and his career of operating surgeon began. As such he was to introduce various improvements in the technique of operations, but above all he preached with a holy zeal in lecture hall the importance for a surgeon to have a sound knowledge of pathology. " Technical skill ", he declared repeatedly, " is an important thing, but it is not the most important ".

As an operating surgeon Cullen acquired within a few years an international reputation, which was enhanced by his many published works relating to his own special department. His wide experience enabled him also to realise the mounting death-toll from neglect in the early recognition and early treatment of cases of cancer. He accordingly determined to launch a national campaign for the education of the public in the initial symptoms of that disease. A storm of protest and denunciation arose from a considerable number of his professional colleagues against his proposal,

which they regarded as a grave offence against propriety. But in womens' clubs and churches and newspapers, speakers and writers proceeded to enlighten the public on the subject ; and after some time protests died away and the campaign was successful.

A feature of this book is the pen-portraits of many of the earliest professors of the Johns Hopkins hospital and medical school. Among Cullen's contemporaries there was the celebrated Osler, who filled the chair of medicine before his going to Oxford. Many students of his classical treatise on medicine have probably, like the present reviewer, visualised him as a grave, reverend and dignified physician. Cullen however tells of his impish humour and continuous practical jokes, sometimes hurtful—beneath which, he says, were humanity, unfailing loyalty to friends, honesty and generosity.

R. H.

A SERVANT OF THE QUEEN. Her Own Story. By Maud Gonne MacBride. Dublin : Golden Eagle Books. 1950. 15s.

THIS book of reminiscences, whose first edition was published more than ten years ago, is an interesting contribution to the political history of Ireland for the past half century. Beginning in the Land League days and coming down to quite recent times, it covers a phase of Ireland's evolution as a nation comparable in importance to few others in her past. During that period Madame MacBride played an active and often effective part in the various movements that aimed at the independence of her country. Born into a class which had no sympathy with, but rather hostility towards that objective, she with her personality and beauty and natural gifts would have been a striking figure in any sphere. Inspired however with a flaming love for her country, she devoted all her energies and talents to its service from girlhood to old age. Nor was the field of her activities confined to Ireland. For its cause she wrote and lectured in France and America and, though one may not entirely agree occasionally with some of her opinions or with methods she favoured at times, no one can doubt her utter sincerity and selflessness.

In the late eighties of the last century the Land League was fighting landlordism, whose evils and injustices weighed heavily on Ireland. The poorer parts of the country especially suffered much from evictions and famine, and it was there that Madame MacBride found her first field of work. In the desolate glens and mountain sides of Donegal and Mayo she consoled the victims with material aid and helped to restore many to their homes. In Donegal she dined with Dr. O'Donnell, " the youngest bishop in Ireland, a strikingly handsome man " ; and she called on many of his priests, some of whom agreed with what others of them considered her extreme national views. Father MacFadden of Gweedore, a strong supporter of the Plan of Campaign, told her that when he had to read the Pope's condemnation of it he read it in Latin—rejoicing that none of the congregation understood it !

In France Madame MacBride was acquainted with many of that country's political leaders ; and with one of them particularly, Lucien Millevoye, she found that they had a common enemy in England. With him she formed a pact—he was to help her in her Irish propaganda, while she was to help him to regain Alsace-Lorraine for France. In connection with their pact, the Boulangist party, of which Millevoye was a prominent member, had a proposal for a treaty with Russia, a draft of which they wanted taken secretly to St. Petersburg. Madame MacBride was asked to convey it ; on her consenting, she set out alone and after a perilous journey succeeded in her mission. The treaty was, she says, a few years later to change the whole of European diplomacy in an opposite direction from that desired by England. Apart from its political interest, the incident illustrates what is one of her outstanding characteristics —courage that is mirrored again and again during her lifetime.

A pleasant feature of this book is the little pen-portraits of many of the notabilities that appear here and there in its pages. Michael Davitt with his " keen, kindly eyes "; John O'Leary, " tall, thin, strikingly handsome with the eyes of a caged lion "; John Taylor with his " reddish beard, the most brilliant orator I ever heard ". . . . And there is a portrait of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII as she saw him at St. Peter's, with his " supernatural majesty, looking like a white flame against the crimson background of hanging damasks ". Another feature of the book is that, while not a history, it recreates the political atmosphere of the last half-century in Ireland. For this indeed, if for no other reason, it will in the coming times be of value to reader and historian alike.

R. H.

Rise of Culture : Ancient and Medieval

THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS. From Thales to Aristotle. By W. K. C. Guthrie. London : Methuen. Home Study Books. 1950. 5s. net.

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF WESTERN CULTURE. By Christopher Dawson. (Gifford Lectures, 1948–9). London : Sheed and Ward. 1950. 15s. net.

Mr. Guthrie's small but very useful book deserved to be mentioned by way of preface to Mr. Dawson's larger one. It is one of the least pedantic and most helpful efforts so far made on such a scale to render Greek philosophy intelligible to the Greekless reader. With the latter in view, Mr. Guthrie devotes his opening chapter to a clear discussion of certain Greek terms and Greek ways of looking at the world. His next three, on the pre-Socratic philosophers, have almost the sparkle of the late Sir James Jeans or his successor Mr. Fred Hoyle. Naturally he cannot be very original on Plato or Aristotle, but he can be, and is, very interesting. A true disciple of Cornford, he has produced a book worthy to stand beside the master's *Before and After Socrates* and one that should prove a treasure to study groups and teachers, as well as to serious general readers.

Mr. Dawson's second series of Gifford Lectures is scarcely so profound as the first, but he displays in it a power of organisation and a skill in selection such as he has never surpassed. His theme is almost the same as that of his *Making of Europe*, which it illustrates from the carefully-chosen fruits of learning both wide and deep : the formative influence of the Church on Western culture. Beginning with the impact of the monks on the barbarian peoples, he goes on to discuss the mutual influence of the Carolingian Empire and the episcopate, then treats of the high medieval clash between Papacy and Empire, and finally shows how the strong framework of European civilisation, built up from chivalry, commune, gild and university, survived the religious crisis of the thirteenth century.

Mr. Dawson excels in his capacity for discerning the deeper currents which make the continuity in an apparently boundlessly confused flood of historical events. Particularly striking in this book is the manner in which he works out the transition from ancient heroic Kingship in the Germanic lands and Gaul to the Christian monarchy of Pepin and to Charlemagne's grandiose effort at a reorganisation of the Christian empire. With this theme he starts off from that of his first series of Gifford lectures and arrives at the earlier medieval conception of a theocratic society deriving in part from the Old Testament and gradually changing, after a process of breakdown and reform, into the emancipated Papacy of the eleventh and twelfth centuries— " the real heir of the Roman tradition of universalism and international order "— in conflict with the new laicism of the Empire and its theorists. This conflict, in which the new Mendicant Orders and the universities played a most important

part, is the culmination of Mr. Dawson's work. Neither the sympathetic treatment of the Middle Ages as the classic period of religious order and harmony, nor the critical view, which stresses their traditionalism and blind obedience to ecclesiastical authority, permits us, in Mr. Dawson's opinion, to grasp the essence of the period, which was creative conflict.

What gave their unity, he thinks, to the great medieval centuries was not the absence of strife, but the continuing leadership of the party of ecclesiastical reform and its alliance with the governing element in the Church. It was the breach in this alliance at the close of the thirteenth century that began the long process of decline, in which " the spiritual unity and the creative power of medieval culture gradually disappeared ". Special chapters, full of fascinating quotations from contemporary literature, are devoted to the part played in this creative culture at its height by such institutions as feudal chivalry, the growing mercantile city, and the university, which was the most characteristic product of the period and which, as designed by the Papacy, represents " one of the most remarkable examples of the planning of culture on a large scale that history has ever seen ". In a final chapter, *Piers Plowman* is skilfully invoked to show how, in spite of the breakdown in external order which marked the close of the Middle Ages, they had succeeded in so changing the soul of Western man that he still bears their imprint and is unlikely ever to lose it. A special word of praise is due to the eight illustrative plates, chosen so as to form a close unity with the text and to reinforce its conclusions.

M. T.

GREEK CITY-STATES. By Kathleen Freeman, D.Litt. London: MacDonald. 1950. 15s.

Dr. Freeman has produced a new volume in her admirable and useful series illustrating the life of ancient Greece. This study of nine of the ancient Greek city-states will give the general reader, as well as the classical scholar, an intimate glimpse into the variegated life of some of not the least interesting of these ancient communities, vest-pocket in size, but yet the unique wonder of the ancient world and the foundation of nearly everything in human history which can be called by the name of culture.

Thourioi, Acragas, Corinth, Miletus, Cyrene, Seriphos, Abdera, Massalia, Byzantium—what multitudinous memories these names recall to every reader of Greek literature and history! Thourioi recalls shades of Sybaris and, in later days, of Pericles' foundation with its brood of seers, of Herodotus and of Hippodamus with his American-style town-planning. Acragas is a vision of fair temples on a hill, of kings and glory and Pindaric odes and the philosopher Empedocles. Corinth is Jason and Medea, early commercial rivalry, Periander model of tyrants, majestic Acrocorinth, playing a major rôle throughout the whole of Greek history. Miletus, the greatest colonizing city of Greece, founded on a wide bay which has now become dry land; Thales the father or grandfather of Greek philosophy, Herodotus' stories of Histiaeus and Aristagoras, Aspasia, and the magnificent temple of Apollo at Didyma. Cyrene is the Fourth Pythian Ode of Pindar, the story of the Battiads, the poet Callimachus and the tale of Berinice. Seriphos, a minute Aegean island unknown to fame except by the myth of Danae and Perseus, so movingly told by Simonides. Abdera, again an obscure Thracian coastal town, whose name is only illumined by the great sophist Protagoras and by Democritus founder of the atomic theory.

Massalia (Marseille) on the contrary is now a great city, but scarcely famed in ancient times except for her travellers (Pytheas) and for the siege in 49 B.C. described by Caesar in his *Civil War*. Byzantium (later called New Rome, Constanti-

nople, and Istanbul) was a town of medium importance in Greek times, but later to be the head of the Byzantine Empire and the source of civilization of half the East, with the magic names of Santa Sophia, the Blue Mosque, the Hippodrome, the Sultan's Palace, the Golden Gate, the Golden Horn, the bridge of Galata and the cemetery of Eyoub.

All these memories and indeed a thousand more are brought back to us by a reading of this scholarly and yet eminently readable book of Dr. Freeman. Her sketch of each of these states provides indeed a wealth of information culled from many scattered fields, which had as yet been brought together only for the most important of them other than in specialist articles in foreign languages. Her discussions have the particular value of presenting us with the special point of view of each separate state, in a way that is not represented in the ordinary history of Greece, since there the viewpoint has to be more general and does less than justice to the interests of the individual towns.

What gives one an idea of the wealth of Greek constitutional experience is the fact that a second equally interesting list of city-states could immediately be drawn up. What of the list Aegina, Samos, Mitylene, Pergamon, Syracuse, Tarentum, Epidauros, Delos, Corcyra? These, like Dr. Freeman's list, are nearly all from outside mainland Greece; and if we turned there, we could easily make a third and fourth similar list.

In conclusion Dr. Freeman points to the fact that the greater size and resources of modern states have produced no corresponding superiority in civilisation over that of the ancient Greek communities. It seems indeed that the multiple grinding-machine of modern state propaganda, so far from producing that ideal of short-sighted Utopians, a standardized civilized man, can only produce a race of unlovely mediocrities devoted to herd-pleasures and shepherded by a cynical and hard-bitten class of bureaucrats.

What pertains to the spirit can simply not be mass-produced; the finest flowers of culture have always bloomed in at least a comparative solitude and have never been enjoyed by other than those whose thought and taste have been substantially their own. The secret of an active culture was possessed by the ancient Greeks in a measure as full or fuller than that ot any later people of history; and in this book Dr. Freeman gives us a vivid picture of their amazing energy in the world of thought and of active life.

J. J. T.

History

THE HISTORY OF PARTITION (1912—1925). By Denis Gwynn. Dublin. Browne and Nolan. 1950. 12s. 6d. net.

In this age of noisy and often vicious propaganda it is rather doubtful what place, if any, is left for well-informed intelligence in politics. So much ingenuity is devoted to the production of slogans, and to the technique of saying the exact opposite of what is meant, that the citizen, who is more vitally concerned in politics than almost ever before, is also more completely insulated from the truth. Even though Ireland has been much less affected by this particular evil than other European countries, it has been among us for a long time in a mild form. The patient students who devote themselves to providing us with materials on which we can fairly make up our minds are therefore among our greatest benefactors. For us no political subject is more important than Partition, bound up as it is with our prospects as a nation. Yet it is a subject upon which few of us are at all well-informed, and the same may even more emphatically be said of those outside our borders to whom it may in the end prove equally vital.

Professor Gwynn could hardly have chosen a better moment to turn his skilled and experienced hand to the task of telling the tangled story of how Ireland came to be partitioned. Nor could anyone be possibly rated as more highly qualified for the undertaking. As biographer of John Redmond he had access to a very full collection of papers, among them Redmond's personal day-to-day memoranda on the Buckingham Palace Conference of 1914. Because King George V and Lord Craigavon were still alive when Dr. Gwynn's Life of Redmond appeared in 1932, it was impossible for him to publish these memoranda. The fact that he has made abundant use of them in this book gives it a very special claim to public attention. Dr. Gwynn was also one of the first to publish a book on the early years of the Irish Free State, and this fact guarantees his familiarity with the latest phases of the question as it took so many changing shapes after Redmond's death. His new book is brief, readable, and intensely interesting to anyone seeking solid ground among these shifting sands. It would be a good thing if it could be made compulsory reading for all the politicians who are at present called upon to formulate plans of action with a view to a renewed bid for unity.

What the book gives is, of course, neither more nor less than its title indicates. It deals with Partition as a historical event and shows quite beyond question how it came about, what purposes it was intended to serve, and who were its real authors. There is room, side by side with it, for a revision of the admirable *Handbook to the Ulster Question* produced by a Government Committee in 1923 and now so hard to obtain. That composite work both went farther back into the past and dealt more comprehensively with the social and economic structure of the six-county area as it exists at present. Dr. Gwynn's great service is to focus a brilliant historical searchlight on the dozen years during which that strange political entity was slowly taking shape. No serious or impartial person can read it without being convinced of the truth of the Irish contention—that Partition was essentially the product of English party manoeuvres (the whole basis for which has now passed away), that it was invented by English politicians, that in the beginning and for a long time it was equally anathema to both sides in Ireland, and that it was only accepted at last by the Irish Unionists as the only way out between the Union and Home Rule. The pitiable and very short-sighted plea now so often raised in its defence by Englishmen, that it is entirely an Irish arrangement in which Great Britain has no concern, can hardly survive the reading of a dozen of Dr. Gwynn's pages.

Where his book may perhaps be held to fall short as a work of history is in its failure to analyse fully the political relations which left Partition as a heritage to an age to which they are largely meaningless, and again in its rather hurried treatment of the post-Treaty background against which the famous Boundary Commission made its fateful appearance. Here of course the documentation available is as yet far from full, so that the whole episode of the Commission remains quite mysterious. Dr. Gwynn touches very lightly, for instance, on the influence of the Civil War and its concomitant party alignment on the development of the Boundary situation. It may thus perhaps escape the notice of his more innocent or ill-informed readers that the Boundary clause in the Treaty was nothing but a desperate gamble which was utterly frustrated by the Sinn Féin split. Collins and Griffith can scarcely be criticised for not providing in the Treaty against the consequences of the split. Neither, it may be suggested, should the Cosgrave cabinet be so severely judged as it often is for the failure of a policy which was known to be foredoomed from its inception. But these are matters for discussion perhaps when the Boundary has vanished. Dr. Gwynn has provided those willing to utilise it with material the intelligent use of which could sensibly hasten that day.

M. T.

THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT. The Last Phase 1716—1807. By Sir Charles Petrie. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1950. 15s. net.

IN this second volume of a notable work Sir Charles Petrie maintains his reputation as the most brilliant and scholarly historian of Jacobitism. Dealing with the second phase of the movement, it ranges from 1716 to the death in 1807 of the Cardinal Duke of York, last direct representative of the Stuart dynasty. Like the first volume it has many features that give it a value and distinction lacking in other works on the same subject. For a full understanding and appreciation of the Jacobite movement a survey of contemporary international politics is essential, and Sir Charles discusses adequately and clearly the designs and policy of continental States at the time—of Spain in the Nineteen for example and of France in the Forty-Five. Extracts from unpublished letters and State Papers enhance too the value of his work. And one of its features must make special appeal to Irish readers by reason of its giving, unlike other Jacobite histories, due credit to the manifold activities of Irishmen in the various movements for a Stuart restoration. In this connection Sir Charles refers to and accounts for the passiveness of Ireland during the first half of the eighteenth century, though the country was predominantly Jacobite in sympathy. He rightly says that much research remains to be done on that particular period of Irish history. (Bearing on this one thinks of an apparent anomaly in Lecky's five-volumed *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth century* where a small part only of the first volume is devoted to the first sixty years of the century, while the remainder of that volume and the succeeding four volumes are devoted to the period 1760—1800).

Jacobite sympathy in Ireland did not always remain hidden; it often expressed itself in concrete forms. Contemporary Irish newspapers report continuous executions and transportations in the case of men listing for and being enlisted in " the Pretender's service ". Thus the *Dublin Gazette* of 10 July 1714 announces the hanging of twenty-one persons on the previous day for their recruiting activities. And it is a recorded fact that the manifesto of Prince Charles Edward, addressed to his father's subjects in August 1745, was printed in Dublin.

Speculation on the possible consequences of the Jacobite army's advance from Derby on London in December 1745 has long been an interesting one. The Prince alone, as some say, favoured the forward policy, and tacticians nowadays agree on its soundness. Sir Charles Petrie discusses the situation dispassionately from military and other viewpoints. In the light of all the available evidence he inclines strongly to the opinion that, had the Prince not been overruled by his advisers at Derby and had he marched to the capital, he would have won the crown for his father. The restoration, Sir Charles says, would have brought back the lost dignity of the monarchy, might well have changed the history of the world—and incidentally, among other results, might have brought peace to Ireland and saved her from three hundred years of misery.

Among the more interesting chapters of this book are those in which the causes of the failure of the Rising of 1745 and the reasons for the decay of Jacobitism are traced. The failure of the French government in sending sufficient aid, like its similar failure in Ireland fifty years before, was a big contributory factor towards the collapse of the Rising, and among other causes were the dissensions of the leaders and the lack of co-operation of the English and Welsh Jacobites. Regarding the decay of Jacobitism after Culloden, it was due in some measure to the diplomacy of George III in courting with some success the enemies of his dynasty. To many Englishmen the contest between Stuart and Hanoverian had begun to be regarded, too, as one between their country on the one hand and France and Scotland on the other, while the change in the character and habits of the Prince brought disillusion-

ment and desertion among his partisans everywhere. It is true that, for several years after 1745, there were various Stuart intrigues and plots like the impracticable one of 1752. They merely showed however that what Sir Charles Petrie calls the " Jacobite twilight " had begun and, with the death of the Cardinal Duke of York in 1807, " had at last deepened into night ".

By reason of its comprehensiveness and brilliancy alike and of its detachment in studying controversial questions, this balanced work will long remain the standard history of the Jacobite movement. Its author brings to his subject the trained mind of the scientific historian ; and he brings too the wide human outlook that can sympathise with forlorn hopes and show pity for the tragedy of failure in causes that are not ignoble.

R. H.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR : 1878—1914. By Nicholas Mansergh. London : Longmans. 1950. 15s.
EUROPE IN DECAY : A Study In Disintegration. 1936—1940. By Professor L. B. Namier. London : Macmillan. 1950. 16s.
PEACEMAKING IN PERSPECTIVE. From Potsdam to Paris. By F. W. Pick. Oxford : Pen-in-Hand. 1950. 10s. 6d.

THERE is little in common between these three books except a certain continuity, broken by a gap for the period between the wars. They are unequal in scope, treatment, and style. Dr. Mansergh has written what is almost a text-book, compact and readable, a useful guide to a subject in which the documentary sources are almost uncontrollable even by specialists. Professor Namier has thrown together a number of reviews from various periodicals, some of them fairly extensive studies, others tantalisingly brief. Dr. Pick's theme, while in itself having more apparent unity, is for all that the most difficult among the three. It is perhaps inevitable that some of the stickiness of Russian diplomatic methods should cling to the style of any book about the complicated and futile negotiations in which they have been involved since the Nazi invasion brought about the reversal of alliances.

Dr. Mansergh begins with a striking sentence which serves as a keynote to his book : " In 1878 there was no balance of power in Europe ". The victory over France in 1870—71, followed by the Triple Alliance, had made Bismarck's Germany preponderant. The story of the thirty-six years of slowly mounting tension which followed is the story of how a balance of power was restored, the Triple Alliance shattered, and Germany and Austria, with Italy as their equivocal and uneasy partner, faced by the unwieldy might of the Triple Entente. It will be long before history reaches a final judgment on the manoeuvring of military and diplomatic pieces which led to this fundamental change. Naturally enough, Dr. Mansergh gives on the whole the orthodox English view, although he is fair enough to let his readers also have at least some appreciation of the German side. His narrative is, of course, really incomplete : for any full understanding of the historical process in which the European Powers were involved, it is surely necessary to study the diplomatic history of the Great War itself, and particularly of the abortive efforts at a negotiated peace and the antecedents of the American intervention which once more decisively altered the balance of power and changed the fate of the world.

Looking back after the drastic lessons of the Second Great War and the partial triumph of the Communist revolution, it must seem to the more objective student that the criteria applied by Dr. Mansergh are no longer quite adequate for a judgment on the responsibilities of men like Bülow, Delcassé, Cambon, Grey, Isvolski, and the other chief participants in that earlier game of power politics. The Franco-Russian Pact of 1894, for example, which was the foundation of the Triple Entente

and the start of the process that led to the Great War, can scarcely be regarded as quite so innocent and justifiable an affair as it is here represented. Nor can the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey, which left all Europe uncertain as to Great Britain's eventual attitude, be put in quite so favourable a light, contrasted with the posturings and blusterings of the Kaiser. That very unsympathetic potentate is due sometime or other for at least a little less hostile treatment than he invariably gets from English writers. Reading in this book some extracts from his almost always ill-judged or ill-timed outbursts, one cannot fail to perceive a surprisingly close resemblance between him and his grandmother, Victoria, whose combination of grandiose foolishness and intermittent shrewdness he seems to have faithfully reproduced—in a far more dangerous situation, of course, than she ever had to face. As Victoria's masculine counterpart, much nearer to her in character and manner than any other of her descendants, Kaiser Wilhelm may receive a little tardy sympathy from some future Strachey.

Dr. Mansergh's book is slightly marred for the Irish reader by a surprising slip in the opening sentence of Chapter VIII, where a characteristic judgment of Mitchel's in 1870 about Prussia and England is attributed to Thomas Davis. Brief, economically written, well-illustrated and furnished with a useful bibliography, there is little doubt that the book will soon have this error put right by the most satisfactory of all methods—in a second edition.

Professor Namier's reprinted reviews deal with a series of memoirs by French and other statesmen involved in the recent war and its antecedents. They make sad reading even under his skilful style and marshalling. What is most remarkable is the pertinacity of men like Flandin and Bonnet, for example, in their efforts to justify their disastrous policies. The only comment one might make on Professor Namier's treatment of them is that he distributes his criticisms with a certain partiality: Pétain and Weygand, whatever their faults and errors, surely deserve no rougher handling than Sarraut or Daladier. Even more unpleasant than the French memoirs is Ciano's famous diary, to which a good deal of space is here devoted; and probably worst of all the imbecilities recorded are those of which the British representative in Berlin during the Munich period was guilty. Other reviews in the book deal with Nazi-Soviet relations from 1939—41 and with the efforts of the British and French to form a common front with Russia in 1939.

Dr. Pick instructively contrasts the peacemaking of 1919 with the protracted and confused "negotiations" which have left Europe in its present dangerous plight. As he shows, the whole futile process was governed by the disastrous decisions of Teheran in 1943 and Yalta in 1945. The most infamous among these was the agreement for the use of German forced-labour after the conclusion of peace. Dr. Pick traces diligently the history of the discussions which ended in the establishment of Russian dominance along the Elbe and the Danube. His last chapters deal with the beginning of Western recovery, the episode of the Berlin Airlift and the inception of the Marshall Plan.

M. T.

THE ROAD TO CUZCO. By Ena Dargan. London: Andrew Melrose. 1950. 20s.

THIS volume, with the colourful jacket—snow clad Andes peak and, at its foot, a gaily blanketed Indian with woollen skull-cap and with reed-pipe blowing—is a more than usually good blend of report and traveller's tale. Or should I say tales? For Miss Dargan is, in this particular, very skilful that throughout, with good storytelling, she beguiles us into a sure knowledge of the history and even of the economics of a country that few of us will ever have a chance of seeing except through

her bright eyes. They may well be a better medium of vision than our own ; for Ena Dargan was not for nothing a student of, among other *litterae humaniores*, the Spanish language and literature. She is at home in Spain and in Spanish America—with which, indeed, she is connected by direct descent. Hers is a trained and tested knowledge ; hers, too, a love that warms her learning. She could perhaps say, with one greater than herself, that the umbilical cord had never been cut that bound her to this nature world, Spanish and Indo-Spanish, into which she looks long in her arresting book.

It is such a love that lies at the root of all good research ; such a love that fashioned her resolve to adventure into the difficult and debatable land of Spanish conquest and conquistador in Bolivia and High Peru. She was rewarded by the discovery of a manuscript folk-version, half in Indian dialect, half in Spanish of a play long sought by South American and European scholars—one of a cycle of sixteenth-century Indian plays dealing with Pizarro's conquest of Peru and the consequent execution of the Inca Emperor Atahualpa. This play, a brief summary of which is given in Miss Dargan's brilliant description of the Oruro Carnival, has now fallen—a rich trophy—into the hands of this Irish girl armed with no other weapons than her research instinct, her linguistic skill, her enthusiasm, her native courtesy and her intrepidity in the face of dangers known, unknown or dimly sensed. Of her find Miss Dargan lightly reports : " Balmori [her friend Clemente Hernando Balmori, Professor of Classics in the University of Buenos Aires] tells me my name will go down in the annals of Quichua literary history. . . . More than amusing. But to him must go the lion's share of the credit. Never in my hands would order have come out of that chaos of ill-written Spanish and confused Quichua ".

When I say that the road to Cuzco is left at intervals not only to see, as in Oruro, the great Indian community performance of such treasure-trove as this play represents, but to inspect, in architectural and colour detail, city and mountain side, one may get some idea of the content of this book. One has, however, to savour its attractive narrative style, at once cool and warm, fed by many streams, and sprightly on occasion as when the author records some personal adventure, if one wishes to realise the high relief and the variegated colour of this South American map of well-nigh five centuries. Lovely La Paz ; Sucre with its Holy Office buildings and Jesuit University cloisters ; Potosi villa Imperial agleam with silver ; Tin Mine Catavi with its absentee owner Patino ; Cuzco, core and centre of the fabled Inca Empire—all these and more the author passes before our eyes not only in penpictures but in excellent photographs—many of her own making. If genius is the art of taking pains, Miss Dargan possesses it. I look forward to her next book.

MARY M. MACKEN

THE LAGAN VALLEY, 1800-1850 : *A Local History of the Industrial Revolution*. By E. R. R. Green. London : Faber and Faber. 1949. 16s. net.

THIS is the kind of book about which a critic can say little : one might as well set out to review a railway guide or a volume of the census returns. It is a book of facts, hard economic facts, compiled with exhaustive thoroughness—the bibliography alone is a valuable work of reference for a student's library.

The facts concern the development of transport in the North-East corner ; the growth of the linen industry and the fortunes of the cotton industry ; the history of agriculture in that region ; and, finally, the demographic results of these diverse economic factors. The amount of detail is surprising. A reader whose own folk are named in the narrative several times finds an intimate interest ; local records are combed, and the result is a work invaluable for reference to Northern folk.

Q

Only in the first chapter, entitled " Introduction," does the author touch on the historical and geographical background and indulge in some speculation. He is disposed to regard the favoured region of the Lagan valley, the country from Lurgan to Whiteabbey, as a piece of England on the Irish shore, quoting in support of this judgment the *obiter dicta* of English travellers in the century of the Union. In reality, of course, there is a closer likeness between the North-East corner and Scotland ; and, while this likeness is so manifest in modern times in architecture, the affinity goes back to older times. Has not O'Rahilly traced the dialectical identity back into the Gaelic past?

Having at the back of his mind the thesis that the county of O'Neill of Clandeboy is now thoroughly English—and like a true Behaviourist statistician, ignoring all the spiritual factors of history—the author gives this account of Professor George O'Brien's *Economic History of Ireland* : . . . . " a highly unsatisfactory work. The book is strongly protectionist and southern in tone, completely neglecting the problem of reconciling this with the industrial developments in the north." A sillier verdict seldom was passed upon a master-work by a juvenile critic.

A. DE B.

IRELAND. A Documentary Record. Compiled and edited by James Carty. Two volumes : From the Flight of the Earls to the Great Famine. Dublin : C. J. Fallon. 1849. pp. 208 and 212. 8s. 6d. each.

MR. Carty has compiled two interesting and useful volumes. Even if the printed word were not read, the wealth of illustrations in the books would certainly impart a working knowledge of how the people lived from the Flight of the Earls to the Great Famine. The author does not lay claim to historical research (in the professional sense) in the preparation of these volumes. The greater part of the matter will be found in a thoroughly equipped library of works of Irish interest. Mr. Carty has marshalled into historical order the views of Irishmen, Englishmen, Europeans on Ireland. The views presented vary from admiration, through neutrality, to downright hostility. Everyone is allowed to have his say. These books should make history come to life in the classrooms of our secondary schools. Men and women whose schooling days are over will find much to learn about the country that did not find room in the text-books of former days. A few more excerpts from Gaelic poetry to illustrate the Hidden Ireland would have proved acceptable. Also, readers of today do not need pedestrian translations by poetasters of the Abbey tradition to enable them to catch the melody, in its gaiety or sadness, of the original. Mr. Carty's books are splendidly produced. When we recall the cost of block-production, we shall be forced to admit that these profusely illustrated books are presented at a very reasonable price.

F. F.

PHILOSOPHY

UNDERSTANDING PERSONALITY. By Francis L. Harmon, Ph.D. Milwaukee : Bruce. 1948. x + 338 pp.

THE science of psychology may be said to have just entered a third period in its rather short history. That is not to say that these three different stages are marked off from one another, without overlapping, in a clear-cut manner. We see rather a shifting of emphasis, or a differential development of different parts in the study of the subject-matter of psychology. The first period, covering the latter half of the 19th century, was largely concerned with psychophysical research into human

behaviour. The second period began with the work of Binet and Simon, who were the first to devise a quantitative measuring scale of general intellectual ability—or the first "intelligence test," to give it its more popular name. The practical usefulness of this statistical method of measuring intelligence was soon made clear, and psychologists were not slow to recognise that here was offered to them a new and invaluable instrument of research. There followed, during the past half century, widespread and intensive research, studying on the one hand, by the statistical method of factor analysis developed principally by Spearman, the validity of intelligence tests—what mental factors did they in fact measure?—and on the other hand perfecting the reliability of intelligence tests and of tests of special mental aptitudes.

The results of all this investigation have not belied the early promise of the new method. The practical application has been particularly useful in the field of education. There is, however, an inevitable danger associated with the development of any immediately practical psychological technique: it is sure to be seized upon and put to indiscriminate use by many who are not qualified either to understand the theory behind the method or to apply the method in the right manner. This has been the fate of intelligence testing in particular. Outside the ranks of the psychologists themselves controversy has arisen: some have made unwarranted claims for the usefulness of intelligence tests; others have reacted by denying to them any real validity or reliability. Professional psychologists themselves for the most part have stood outside the controversy; in so far as they are left unhindered, they will continue to develop the methods of mental testing initiated by Binet and deduce their own conclusions from their results—conclusions, in general, much more cautious than they are often given credit for.

The third period of psychological research, which in a certain sense was foreshadowed by the work of Freud, is characterised by an emphasis on the affective side of mental life. To say nothing of theoretical values, if it is useful for practical purposes to gauge the level of intellectual ability of an individual person, it is no less important to discover how he will be likely to employ his intellectual ability. The success one makes of one's life and the development of a fully-functioning and well-balanced personality depend on psychological factors other and perhaps more important than one's intelligence. Here then will arise the question of the affective side of mental life in its most general sense: all the psychological forces and drives of temperament, character, interests, emotions and motivations, and their integration with the cognitive side of mental life to form a functional unity. The scientific analysis, description and, as far as may be feasible, even the quantitative estimation of these factors may be said to be the immediate goal of present-day psychological research.

Professor Harmon's book is an excellent introduction to this most modern development of psychology. Written in a most readable style, in a language free from any technicalities, it can be recommended to anyone interested in getting a general view of psychology to-day, the trend of research, and the positive results that may be expected. In an early chapter some invalid methods of character and personality analysis are discarded under the heading of "false clues to personality," while throughout the rest of the book there are numerous examples of the more scientific methods of studying personality, with many of the well-validated results so far obtained.

The development of personality from childhood, through adolescence, to maturity, the influence of the many factors of the internal and external environment, physical and social, some of the more important types of pathological personality and their interpretation, and finally the practical application of this scientific know-

ledge in the psychological clinic, in mental hygiene, in industry and in vocational guidance—these are the chief topics discussed in Professor Harmon's book. Though accurately treated, it is inevitable that topics so wide and so many should receive, within the covers of a single book, only very summary development and that some related topics of importance should be passed over. The style is such, however, as to stimulate further reading, and one is pleased to find, at the end of each chapter, a small and well-selected list of books and articles for further study.

D. C.

EXISTENCE AND ANALOGY. By E. L. Mascall. London: Longmans. 1949. Pp. xix and 188. 12s. 6d. net.

IT is a far cry to the day when a writer, treating of St. Thomas and Scholastic philosophy, could serve up arrant nonsense and get away with it. Twenty years ago Robert Arch, in a supplementary chapter to Benn's *History of Modern Philosophy*, could, and did, inform the gullible public that "the Churches, after seeking a stalking-horse for their dogmas successively in Idealism, Pragmatism and Realism, find that no system of philosophy, however it may masquerade in Theistic terminology, provides a satisfactory basis for apologetic. Rome, indeed, brazening out her musty falsehoods to the bitter end, still offers the theology of Thomas Aquinas as a sovereign specific for all doubt—a thirteenth-century debasement of Aristotle as an antidote to twentieth-century knowledge." Nowadays such ignorance, or bad faith, is rare in print. The modern revival of Scholasticism, long since come to maturity on the Continent, is a strong, living growth—vigorous, independent and, as Professor John Laird has said, " beyond all question a powerful influence in the philosophy of the day " (*Recent Philosophy*, p. 204).

In English-speaking countries the movement has had a later and a slower development. Until fairly recently there has been little native contribution to neo-scholastic philosophic literature—except, perhaps, in ethics and sociology. Translations, from the French especially, have been many and of the highest value: Sertillanges, Gilson, Roussellot, Maritain, Garrigou-Lagrange, de Wulf—all have appeared in English dress. The home product, however, was still lacking. It is only in the past few years that a beginning has been made to remedy this deficiency; and, even now, the number of original works in English which draw their inspiration from Scholastic thought and tradition, is pitifully small. Mr. Mascall's *Existence and Analogy* belongs to this select circle. On this head alone it merits attention.

But its chief claim to notice is far stronger than that of mere philosophic lineage; it lies in the importance of its theme and in the excellence of its workmanship. As to the subject-matter, we cannot do better than give the author's own words from his *Preface*. " From one point of view," he writes, " this book may be considered as a sequel or a supplement to an earlier work entitled *He Who Is: A Study in Traditional Theism*, which was published in 1943. Several reviewers of that book . . . . did me the service of pointing out that perhaps its chief deficiency lay in the fact that, while it made repeated reference to the doctrine of analogy, it nowhere contained an adequate account of what the doctrine of analogy is. The present work originated in an attempt to fill that gap, but as the task went on it became more and more clear to me that there is another doctrine of equal importance for the construction of any sound scheme of rational theology, namely the doctrine of existence, and indeed that the two are very intimately connected. What emerged in the end was a more or less independent survey, and it is this that is now in the reader's hands " (p. ix). In fulfilment of this programme, the author devotes almost half the book to a study of the existential character of St. Thomas's philosophy

and to the existential approach to the problems of natural theology ; the other half is taken up with the question of analogical discourse and with a short discussion of two recent works on theism—Dr. Austin Farrer's *Finite and Infinite* and Miss Dorothy Emmet's *The Nature of Metaphysical Thinking.*

In the rather stuffy and over-heated atmosphere of current existentialist philosophy and literature, it is invigorating to be able to draw a breath of strong, untainted metaphysics. *Existence and Analogy* offers such an opportunity. " To be " is the root perfection of all reality, the ultimate source of all determination, the basic act in virtue and in terms of which the diversity of things is both manifested and justified. Existence is not a state ; it is an *exercise*—that primary, constitutive " doing " of a being from which flow its most essential as well as its merely peripheral activities. That such is St. Thomas's view is abundantly evident from his writings ; and Mr. Mascall, following Gilson, has rightly insisted on its importance and fruitfulness for a healthy metaphysic. One's only surprise is that he has not made more explicit use of some of the most telling texts to be found in the works of the Angelic Doctor. Two passages especially, one in the *Summa Theologica,* the other in the *Quaestio Disputata de Potentia,* cry out for commentary, so apt are they for Mr. Mascall's main thesis. In the *Summa* Ia, q. VIII, a.1, St. Thomas writes : " Esse autem est illud quod est magis intimum cuilibet et quod profundius omnibus inest, cum sit formale respectu omnium quae in re sunt." Again, in the *De Potentia* q.VII, a.2, ad 9um, we read : " Unde patet quod hoc quod dico ' esse ' est actualitas omnium actuum et propter hoc est perfectio omnium perfectionum." Here, surely, is the very pith of St. Thomas's existentialism and the complete riposte to Sartre's ontological counsel of despair. Moreover, in the *hoc quod dico* " *esse* " we have a clear hint that St. Thomas recognised that his way of looking on *existing* was not the universally accepted view of the Schools. A short development of these points would have been stimulating and might well have taken the place of Mr. Mascall's one unfortunate literary lapse (p. 60), where Bradley's " bloodless categories " are dragged in to provide an artificial and altogether unworthy diversion.

The section of *Existence and Analogy* dealing with analogy, short as it is, is a satisfying contribution to a difficult problem. It is heartening to find Mr. Mascall stressing the close connection and interdependence between metaphysical analogy and affirmation. The existential view of being finds its faithful echo in a theory of knowledge, genuinely Thomist, where truth belongs properly to the judgment rather than to the concept and where the *essence-existence* relationship, which both denotes and constitutes finite reality, has its cognitional parallel in the dynamic *compositio* of affirmation. An important consequence of this position is excellently brought out in the following lines (p. 119) : " It is, then, ... in virtue of this inherently existential element in all our affirmations about God that the possibility of analogical knowledge of God and of analogical discourse about him can be maintained. If it were possible to make a statement about God that bore exclusively on the essential or conceptual order, that statement would collapse into sheer equivocity and agnosticism, for no concept of the essence of God can be formed by a finite mind. Since, however, God's essence necessarily involves his existence, no statement about him can remain in the essential or conceptual order ; it passes over immediately into the order of existence and the judgment."

This is well said and is central for the correct understanding of the existential approach to theism. Why, then, does Mr. Mascall weaken his case by asserting (p. 95) " that the question of analogy does not arise at all in the mere proof of the existence of God ? " Surely, any proof of the existence of God must issue in the statement : God is. It is precisely the existential character of this statement that

necessitates and guarantees its analogical status. And this analogy, necessarily inherent in every affirmation about God,—particularly in the affirmation of His existence—is founded on the intrinsic proportion *essence-existence* which constitutes the reality of all those beings from which our minds rise to Infinite and Transcendent Being. The slackening of Mr. Mascall's metaphysical grip at this point is due, I think, to his hesitation on the question of the relative priority of proportionality and attribution. While he admits (p. 113) " that, in order to make the doctrine of analogy really satisfactory, we must see the analogical relation between God and the world as combining in a tightly interlocked union both analogy of attribution and analogy of proportionality," he favours, albeit discreetly, the fundamental priority of attribution. In this he seems untrue to the deepest implications of an existential metaphysic.

As Mr. Mascall would be the first to admit, his remarks on the two recent works of Dr. Farrer and Miss Emmet are cursory. They are, however, apposite and serve to underline further some of the main contentions of the body of his thesis. They might have had even greater relevance, had the author previously developed more in depth his rather scanty treatment (pp. 53-57) of St. Thomas's theory of perception. But neither this stricture nor the few criticisms voiced above can take away from the exceptional value of Mr. Mascall's contribution to modern scholastic metaphysics. In *Existence and Analogy* Mr. Mascall has done a fine piece of work and has put every thoughtful reader of it in his debt. J. O'MARA

ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY

THE DISTAFF MUSE. An Anthology of Poetry written by Women. Compiled by Clifford Bax and Meum Stewart. London : Hollis and Carter. 1949. 10s. 6d. net.

IN her introduction to this delightful anthology, Miss Meum Stewart regrets that the objections raised by others caused the editors to set aside the intended title *Feminine Poetry*. It is her view that the poetry of women ought to be distinguishable from the poetry of men. ' Since the taste of experience from the beginning to the end of life is conditioned by the sex with which we are born, I believe that a woman's verse or prose ought to be as recognisably feminine as her handwriting and that, if it is not, then something has gone awry '.

Certainly it is true that women have made a characteristic contribution to literature. Even in the earlier centuries, when a liberal education was not available to women and when women who wrote were held to have unsexed themselves, women nevertheless contributed to such genres of writing as were not beyond their instinctive ability. This was chiefly seen in the novel, to which their contribution was great and individual. Poetry, however, is not merely a question of instinctive impulsion. There is a gap between poetic experience and poetic articulateness—a gap which can only be bridged by an apprenticeship to technique (just as musical ability needs to be translated into performance). Poetry is by no means an instinctive art, as anyone may prove by considering the early poems of such as Keats. How far did the inaccessibility of education and a liberal culture silence the women of bygone times who actually had poetic experience ? Virginia Woolf on this question said much that was wise and temperate. Miss Stewart does not discuss the point at all. One could wish that she had done so. It is not enough to state that women write poetry as women (and even to this general rule there are exceptions) ; one is at once confronted by the problem of why they did not write more. Do more women write poetry now ? Is it poetry of a finer quality than that of their bygone sisters ? If not (and this point is open to doubt), is it simply because, despite their modern privileges, they have found freedom as writers in a disrupted age which is certainly not propitious to poetry ?

It is definitely to be observed that the early women poets were such as could, by the advantage of gentle birth or by outlawing themselves into the world of literary men, gain a familiarity with literature not afforded to those who made bead bags or elderberry wine. The first section of *The Distaff Muse* offers sufficient proof that this was so. Elizabeth of York, Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Winchelsea, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are seven out of twelve names given of these early poets ; two others whose works are included are unknown. Three are women of average origin—*i.e.* Aphra Behn, Katherine Philips and Elizabeth Rowe. The two last named are of no importance. Aphra Behn was a woman of genius who lived and worked among men. She does not support the view that a woman shows her sex in what she writes. ' Love in Fantastic Triumph sate ' might just as well have been written by Dryden. It is a poem which he would have been proud to own. To the catalogue of women poets of gentle birth one could add a name omitted in this anthology : Lady Mary Wroath, niece of Sir Philip Sidney. Some of her sonnets are worth noticing because they adhere to the perfect Italian form. Otherwise, it might be said that they are simply fluent poetic excercises. Yet she wrote also some melodious and vivid songs—*.e.g* ' Love, a child, is ever crying ' ; ' Come, merry Spring, delight us ' ; ' Love, what art thou ?' Perhaps one might also mention that Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, made a metrical translation of the Psalms of David ; but whether this is extant is not known to the reviewer. Individual choice must always make one wish for the inclusion of some favourite poems. ' The Dialogue between Peace and War ' by the Duchess of Newcastle seems pedantic and formal in comparison with some of her other poems which we miss. For example, there is the beautiful ' Of an Oake tree in a Grove ' ; that most delightful and sustained poem ' The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of the Faeries ' ; and ' The Hunting of the Hare ', with its tender individuation of Wat, whiskers agitated, crouched in a furrow. One is sorry to find that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's ' Caveat to the Fair Sex ' is included simply because she ' was an advocate of Women's Rights '. Surely poetry should be judged entirely for its intrinsic value.

The arrangement of poems in this anthology tends, here and there, to be somewhat confusing. Separate sections seem to be assigned to Scottish and to Irish poetry ; yet in the Scottish section we find Sara Coleridge, while in the Irish section we find Sara Elizabeth Coleridge—both relatives of the immortal S.T.C. Why is Lady Dufferin not classified in the Irish section ? Why have the editors not mentioned that she was the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—surely a proud distinction ? It seems a pity that, for the single poem chosen for inclusion, the editors did not select the poem by which Lady Dufferin lives : ' I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary '.

The poetry of Emily Brontë serves not to support but to disprove the thesis that the writings of women are always essentially feminine. One may suppose that genius, whether in a man or in a woman, combines within the mind masculine and feminine characteristics. Emily Brontë's poetic vision expressed itself through the symbolism of a strange and complicated myth, in which many characters play a part. Her inspiration flows through the lips now of a man, now of a woman ; and it always seems to be the authentic utterance of the speaker, male or female. With Emily Brontë, too, one is made aware that there are some aspects of poetic experience which are free from the characteristic tinge of sex. With her we reach the heights of natural mysticism. At that level what is expressed is the eternal element of spirit.

Space does not permit a detailed appreciation of the modern section. It is arranged with originality and presents an interesting and varied pattern. There is much that deserves praise, in particular the vitality and charm of Helen Waddell's ' Dancing Girl of Syria '.

B. G. MacCarthy

Books Received

Aherne, Sister Consuelo ...	Valerio of Bierzo. An Ascetic of the Visigothic Period (Catholic University of America, pp.211).
Athanasius, Saint ...	The Life of Saint Anthony. Translated and Annotated by Robert T. Meyer. (Newman Press, $2.10).
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Crehan, Joseph	Osterley Selection from the Latin Fathers. (Longmans, pp. 109).
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Wingfield-Stratford, Esmé	King Charles the Martyr. (Hollis & Carter, 18s.).
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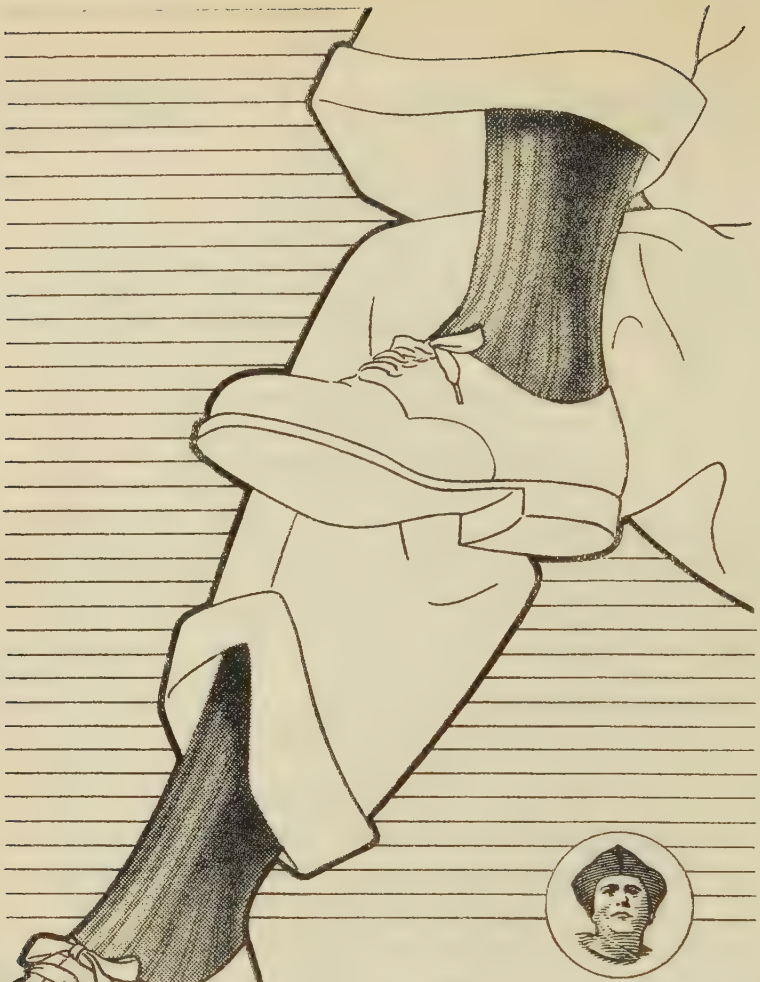

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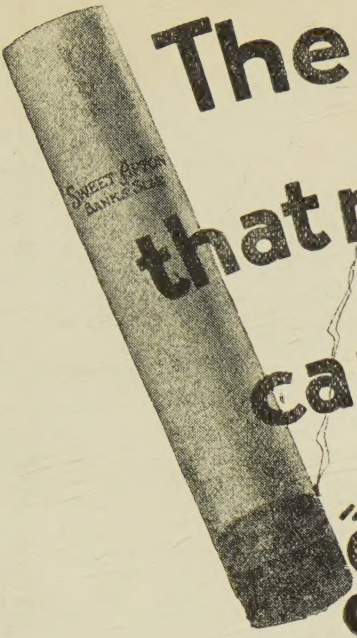

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